

MISSIONARY HORIZONS

MARCH, 1954
YOUTH RESPONDS



MISSIONARY HORIZONS

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Lil and Al Bloom, Photographers

MY FATHER'S WORLD—AND MINE

*My Father's world—and yet
For me He leaves stirring, mighty tasks;
And bids me share with Him
In building love and truth and joy
To make His dream come true.*

*My Father's world—and yet
On me waits part of all the beauty, love,
And tenderness the world
Might use in building other powers
To make His dream come true.*

*My Father's world—and yet
Not His until each willing child of His,
For Him and for His dream,
Gives love and toil and sacrifice
To make His dream come true.*

—Selected

The Lotus

"Consider the lilies . . . how they grow."—Matt. 6:28

The Lotus, or Water Lily, is the sacred flower of the religions of the Orient. Hindus and Buddhists have portrayed it in art and architecture. In China the Nestorian Christians in the eighth century used it symbolically. What lessons does it have for us today?

—The Lotus, with its roots and tuber down in the mud and slime at the bottom of a filthy pool, sends up its stems and flowers, which open above the water in lovely spotless beauty.

. . . Lord, Thou hast placed us, Thy children, and Thy Church in this world, and yet not of the world. May we be kept unspotted from the world; and may the purity of our lives and of our conduct be a true witness to Thee.

—The Lotus stem stands up erect above the surface of the pool steady and firm, even though the surface of the water is troubled and tossed about by the wind.

. . . In these days of stress and strain, of tensions and of conflicts, may our hearts be courageous and firm, trusting in Thee, Lord Jesus.

—The Lotus leaves, and many times the flowers also, rest serenely upon the surface of the water.

. . . As we go about our daily tasks, dear Jesus give us each one a calm reliance on our Heavenly Father's care. May Thy Church, too, find peace in Thy blessed promise to be with her unto the end of the age.

—The Lotus grows in many lands, in species of many colors, and the petals of each flower point in all directions.

. . . Unto all races and peoples, Thou Lord, dost bid us go carrying the Good News. Thou hast called us to this Thy Mission into all the world. May the witness of Thy Church through our lives and our service extend around the world, into every segment and frontier of human life and activity.

—The Lotus has a beautiful golden center, which in Eastern art and symbolism, has been used as the throne upon which the deity is seated.

. . . Come, Lord Jesus; enter Thou, and be enthroned in our hearts. May Thou, our Risen and Ascended Lord, be at the center of the world-wide Mission and the Message of Thy Church. Amen.

Quoted from "National Council Outlook," Donald C. Bolles, Editor.

L. A. GOTWALD, Executive Secretary,
Division of Foreign Missions



Missionary Horizons

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1954

No. 7

Christ For The World WORSHIP SERVICE

By MRS. VIRGIL M. COSBY, Cleveland, Ohio

CHRIST, THE YOUTH (Symbol: Yardstick)

April Theme Song: "Give of Your Best to the Master." S.C.W. 186.

Scripture: I Tim. 4:12; 2 Tim. 2:15.

(I would like to pay tribute to Mrs. Don Montgomery. Her meditation thoughts on this page have been so inspiring and helpful. We will miss her. As President of Cleveland Presbyterial I made many requests of Mrs. Montgomery. Never once did she say "No." That is one reason I could not say "No" to Mrs. McKune when asked to write this service though I knew my inadequacy. Mrs. Montgomery's life will continue to be an inspiration to us all. Truly "she gave her best to the Master.")

Meditation: Have you ever thought much about the unit of measurement—that gauge which ascertains dimension, capacity, quantity, extent, or distance? Every day of our lives each of us measures something. We never prepare a meal, work in an office, watch TV, or listen to the radio without using some unit of measurement. Pause to let your thoughts carry you into every phase of your life and you will discover directly or indirectly you use some unit of measurement constantly. Just think of all the different instruments of measurement. Think of those in your home, in your place of business, and their daily use. Doesn't it overwhelm you?

In the days of Noah a cubit was the recognized standard of measuring. A cubit was equal to about nineteen inches on our yardstick.

In Washington, D.C., the Bureau of Standards, whose buildings cover acres of land, has measurements and standards by which anything and everything is tested and measured. The nation depends upon this bureau for the correct standardization and measurement.

In Paris in a well-guarded vault is a strange bar of metal. It is neither gold, iron, silver, nor copper, but an alloy so skillfully compounded that no matter to what change of temperature it is subjected it always remains absolutely constant. It is the world's official meter stick, used almost exclusively in the scientific world as a basis for measurements.

For commercial uses we have standard measures—yards, quarts, pounds—and they never vary. Science has meters and cubic meters.

In the social world we are not so fortunate. What two of us have the same standard of courtesy, of unselfishness, of truthfulness, and so forth?

The Christian has a Bureau of Standards through which anything and everything is measured and tested. This Bureau is the Christian's guide book—The Bible. Jesus has given us a standard of things that

(Continued on page 392)



"The Lord

By WILLIAM D. MILLEN, D.D., Pastor of the



THE LORD IS RISEN!

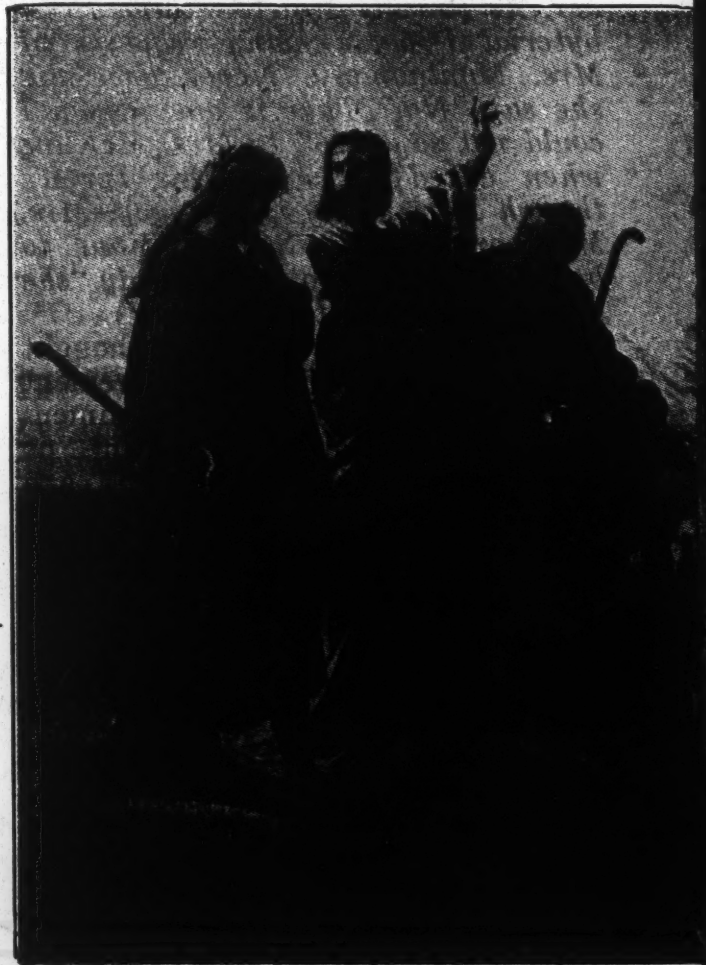
These vital words were first spoken by two men who left Jerusalem the day that several women had found an empty tomb in the garden where the body of Jesus had been laid. Jerusalem was filled with the devout pilgrims from many nations, pilgrims who were realizing their fondest hopes in attending the Passover rites in the holy city. The excitement, the solemn Temple services and the family reunions were of no interest now to these two men as they reflected on the tragic events that had culminated in the horrible death of Jesus of Nazareth upon the cross on the hill called Golgotha outside the city wall. "We had hoped that He was the one to redeem Israel." So they had said to the stranger who had caught up with them and was asking about their sober, sad conversation.

In reply this unknown companion said, "O foolish men, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken! Was it not necessary that the Christ should suffer these things and enter into His glory?" "And beginning with Moses and all the prophets, he interpreted to them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself." In their home at the end of their brief trip when He was eating with them He took the bread and blessed, and broke it, and gave it to them. And their eyes were opened and they recognized the Risen Lord.

With that kind of news in their hearts they couldn't stay home. They ran back to Jerusalem to the room where the sad, fearful disciples were. Bursting upon the group they shouted, "THE LORD IS RISEN." Wonderful words! Tremendous words! Today they are still the most exciting words that were ever understood or even thought about. THE LORD IS RISEN!

Jesus was their Lord. He was a friendly young man who radiated courage, compassion, wisdom and joy. There was a contagious wholesomeness about Him. Though He was reared in an obscure village far

from the important centers of the nation, He had come to be most important to the circle of people whom He had gathered about Him. People whose lives had been touched by Him wanted to stay with Him. His words were those of the wisdom of experience. He knew what was in man and He knew God the Father. His every act was filled with meaning and hope. The people who heard Him so gladly and followed Him so willingly were the ones who saw Him healing the sick, feeding the hungry, opening the eyes of the blind, calming the wind and waves, cleansing the Temple of thieves, and doing all the innumerable acts of His wonderful ministry. In everything that He did He said that He was making known the plan and will of the Father. It was His purpose not only thus to show the Father's will, but also to make



The Walk to Emmaus, before the men recognized that the "Stranger" walking with them was the Risen Lord

Is Risen"

United Presbyterian Church, Nampa, Idaho

His will a part of the life of the people. From the time the Father spoke at Jesus' baptism, "Thou art my son; with Thee I am well pleased," until Jesus on the cross said, "Father, into Thy hands I commit my spirit," the life of Jesus revealed to people the will of God. On one occasion Jesus said, "My mother and my brothers are those who hear the word of God and do it."

The human response was also revealed in His life. By complete and perfect obedience to the will of the Father Jesus showed the way that people should respond. Our prayers are offered for the glory and honor of the Father. Our service to others is done in the Name of the Son of God. Jesus said, "He who believes in Me will also do the works that I do, and greater works than these will he do, because I go to the Father."

When it appeared that all of this was a dream and a very sad delusion because Jesus was arrested and crucified, His little company of disciples separated and scattered. Now these words were being spoken by the ones who had seen Him. They were words that brought wonder, doubt, joy and belief. When after a little the Lord Himself appeared to His disciples most of the doubt disappeared to be replaced by the warmest love, strongest faith and deepest dedication. Thomas spoke for all Christian people everywhere when he said, "My Lord and my God."

As Easter time comes another year we are reminded that Jesus' life and teachings were no sad dream or disappointing delusion. The words, "The Lord Is Risen," awaken within our heart the same joyous response as it has for twenty centuries. Youth today are responding to the youthful Jesus as they prepare to do the works that He did and even greater works in His Name. Today as in every yesterday more are needed who have met Him on the road of life who will burst into our fear-stricken, self-centered thoughts with the glad message—THE LORD IS RISEN! HE IS RISEN INDEED!

*"Christ the Lord is risen today,"
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens, and earth, reply."
Charles Wesley*



From Other Shores They Come

To Study in the U.S.A.

... *Pakistan-India*

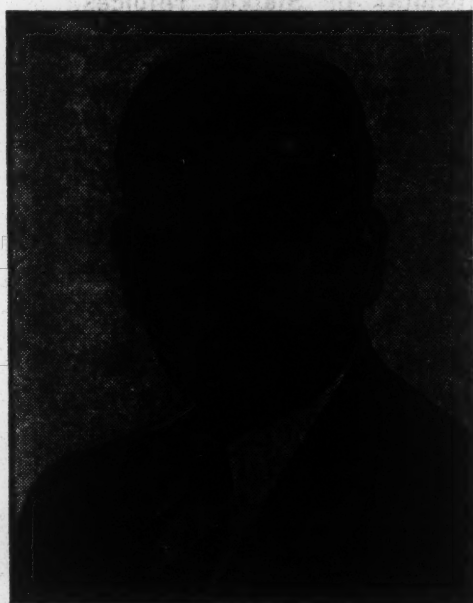
By DR. WILBUR C. CHRISTY,
On Furlough from Pakistan

DURING the past year 34,000 students from 127 different nations studied in 2,000 American colleges and universities, according to the Committee on Friendly Relations with Foreign Students. This committee is an agency of the National Council of Churches of Christ in the U.S.A., which is doing a wonderful piece of Christian service in meeting all of these foreign students as they arrive in America and in helping them to get to the college in which they are to be enrolled for study. This committee seeks to help these foreign students in a general way while they are in this country, but it emphasizes the tremendous opportunity and responsibility for the local Christian churches to make contact with those students who are living in their communities and to give them a friendly, helpful, Christian welcome. One of the very best mediums for better international understanding today and for world peace lies in the relationship between the Christian churches of America and these foreign students. A great number of these students are non-Christians who come here under government auspices or under one of the various foundations arranging for exchange scholarships. Christian people should bear in mind that these non-Christian students can be influenced for or against Christianity by what they see of life in America and that many years of patient labor by missionaries can be offset in a few minutes by the acts of careless and unthinking Americans. Indian and Pakistani students are particularly alert to notice every evidence of race prejudice and discrimination in American life and it makes a lasting impression on them.

At present there are a number of Christian students from our own mission area in West Pakistan in this country. Two of these are United Presbyterians from our own Gordon College in Rawalpindi. Professor Stanley Luke of the mathematics department of Gordon College is in Carnegie Institute of Technology in Pittsburgh, working for his master's degree in mathematics. Mr. Luke is being sponsored by the 79ers' Class of the Mt. Lebanon United

Presbyterian Church and is being widely used by the churches of the Pittsburgh area to bring a message from Pakistan. On the West Coast, Professor Eugene Nasir of the botany department of Gordon College is studying in the University of California at Berkeley. In Dubuque Theological Seminary, Dubuque, Iowa, Mr. James W. Iqbal is taking the regular seminary course. Mr. Iqbal's father served for many years in the United Presbyterian Synod of the Punjab, being pastor of our Gujranwala City congregation at the time of his death in 1946. He served as stated clerk of the Synod for a number of years. James served the Methodist Church in the Punjab as second master of their high school in Raewind for several years and is now in this country under the sponsorship of the Presbyterian Church U.S.A. He studied for a full year in the Gujranwala Theological Seminary and is now completing his preparation for the ministry at Dubuque. Another representative of the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A., is Professor Joseph Mangalam from the faculty of Forman Christian College in Lahore. He is studying in Cornell University in preparation for the opening of a sociology department in Forman College. One other Pakistani student from our area is Joseph Good, who has been a protege of Miss Eva Hartig of the Good Samaritan Hospital in Jhelum. He is studying in Dallas Theological Seminary.

In recent years the Pakistan Church has been greatly enriched by those of her young leaders who have studied in America. Gujranwala Theological Seminary, which is strategically important because of its opportunity to train all of the ministers for the Protestant Churches in West Pakistan, is especially grateful for the training which her two Pakistani professors received. Professor Yaqub Khan took his training in Pittsburgh-Xenia Seminary and returned much better equipped for his post as teacher of Church History and Pastoral Theology because of his contacts with the seminary faculty and with many successful American pastors. Professor K. L. Nasir, head of the Old Testament department, took work both in the Biblical Seminary in New York and in Pittsburgh-Xenia Theological Seminary. Most significant, both for the Seminary and for the church as a whole, is the interest which Mr. Nasir developed in archeology



Above: Lal Moti Lal, with students; Edith Williams and two American girls in Pakistan-India costumes. Middle: Yakub Khan, the Nazir Alams. Below: Dr. Mabel Massey; Stanley Luke and wife; K. L. Nasir

HOW MANY OF THESE PAKISTAN-INDIA NATIONALS DID YOU MEET WHEN THEY WERE STUDYING IN AMERICA?



and in Biblical source material. He took back with him a number of archeological specimens together with photostatic copies of the most ancient codices and other documents relating to both the Old and the New Testaments. He has put these materials in a Biblical museum in the Gujranwala Seminary and thus has made them available to the whole Church. Already they have proved most useful, not only in instructing our Christian people, but in bringing a practical refutation to the Muslim claim that the Christian New Testament has been corrupted and so is not a trustworthy revelation of God's will.

Our mission educational and medical institutions have also profited greatly from those who have come to America for study. The Christian Training Institute in Sialkot, which is our high school for the training of the Christian boys who will be the future leaders of the Church and community, now has as its Principal and Manager, Mr. Lal Moti Lal, who received his Master's degree in Education in the University of Pittsburgh and who also took work in Pitts-

burgh-Xenia Seminary. Mr. Moti Lal is not only doing excellent work as the head of this important institution, but he has been taking an active part in the youth work of the Synod. He has been instrumental in organizing a number of youth conferences and infusing them with some of the enthusiasm which he gained from the youth program of the Church in America.

Miss Edith Williams has just returned to her important post as the head of the Normal Department of our Hajipur Girls' School in Sialkot, where she has the opportunity to train most of the girls who will be serving as teachers in our Christian schools. She feels that her period of study and her contacts in America were invaluable in making her better equipped for her task.

Memorial Hospital in Sialkot rejoices daily in the skill and training which Dr. Mabel Massey received in America. She now has a large share of the responsibility for the women's work in the hospital and is a most able colleague for Dr. John Vroon and the missionary nurses on the staff.

WORSHIP SERVICE

(Continued from page 387)

is the one unchangeable, absolutely reliable measure — yardstick — of what is worthwhile, what is just, what is right. His life and teaching are the standard yardstick for the Christian world just as the meter stick is the standard for the scientific world.

Sometimes youth rebels when we talk about measurements and standards for living. Jesus, too, was a youth and faced tests. We haven't very many glimpses into the life of Jesus from infancy to thirty years of age. But we are told that "the child grew and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom and the favor of God was upon him," and again, "Jesus increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man." This reveals the measure of perfection in the mental, physical, spiritual, and social areas.

In *The Greatest Thing in the World* Henry Drummond gives this testimony: "I wish to bear witness, not only that it is by the grace of God, but that it is by the grace of God

as manifested in Christ Jesus that I am what I am. More than all the influences of every kind Christ has had the formation of my mind and disposition. For many years I have instinctively gone to Christ to draw a measure and a rule for everything."

The needs of the world challenge us to take Christ as our Standard and to uphold him to our youth as the perfect youth — the yardstick when it comes to

Truthfulness—"Bear not false witness." Matthew 19:18.

Selfishness—"Beware of covetousness." Luke 2:15.

Obedience—"Keep my commandments." John 15:10.

Success—"The greatest—a servant." Matthew 23:11.

Neighborliness—"Love your neighbor." Luke 10:27.

"Give of your best to the Master."
Closing Prayer.

*Song: "Christ for the World"—*1954 theme song (p. 368, *The Psalter Hymnal*.)

. . . North Sudan

BY ROBERT H. MELOY,
Omdurman, The Sudan

STANDING on the threshold of a new independent statehood the Sudan is at a critical period in its history. Its great need is for an educated leadership with horizons that reach beyond the Red Sea, Egypt, and the jungles of Central Africa. The outlook of the average Sudanese is still quite provincial with interests that seldom go far beyond his own little village. Yet there is a growing number of educated young men who have had opportunities for study in Egypt and the United Kingdom. They have come back less satisfied with local conditions and determined to do what they can to improve them.

At present about a hundred Sudanese are studying yearly in the United Kingdom and an even greater number in Egypt. Typical of these students is the son of Mohammed Ali, the contractor who had done most of our small building and repairs in the Mission for many years. Just last year we were invited to his house for a tea party in honor of his son's wedding which was held during his vacation from his studies in forestry at the University of Edinburgh, Scotland. According to the Sudanese custom most of our visiting was with the groom and his father. It was with some difficulty that upon our suggestions he was able to persuade his bride to come out of the house to greet all of us, and then go back quickly into the house without being seated. Even this much of an appearance would not likely have been possible had not the bride been educated to Junior High level in a mission school. We were surprised to learn that they were going back to Scotland together. It seemed like too big a jump from Omdurman to Scotland for a young woman who had never been away from her family before.

At the tea party we were told that the people of Scotland were very kind and thoughtful toward foreign students, accepting them into their homes with grace. Yet these men from a hot climate do suffer greatly from the cold of winter in Scotland. As we talked I could not help wondering if foreign students to our own country would bring such a glowing report of American hospitality and kindness. For it is through such informal contacts as these that ideas are created which make for understanding or the lack of it between nations.

March, 1954

. . . South Sudan

By DOROTHY RANKIN,
Doleib Hill, The Sudan

SOME South Sudan Christians have left their own villages to be trained for the Lord's service but they have not yet gone as far as America's shores. A handful of Nilotics have reached the level of Junior College in their educational training, more have finished Intermediate school, and two to three thousand more can read and write their own languages. But those who are illiterate make up the great per cent of the population.

The purpose of education, in the mind of the ordinary South Sudanese, is to make passing marks in order to go to another school, in order to pass and go to another school, in order to get a job with the government on the highest possible scale of pay. Salaries are set according to the years of schooling and increase with each year of service. A man with Intermediate school background will receive two to three times as much salary as a man with four years less academic work. Recently examinations have been set which must be passed every five or six years to insure upward progression on the salary scale.

This shows why education is so much in demand and why each boy or man pushes for himself to get into school and to go as far as he can. Those who fall by the way often feel that they could have been high on the scale if such-and-such had not happened or so-and-so had not held a grudge and refused to let them go on. Personal inabilities are seldom recognized and personal gains are seldom put in second place to any higher motives. No doubt the South Sudanese are like the other peoples of the world in their selfishness and seeking after worldly gain, but there are some here whom the Lord has called and they have very largely left all to follow Christ.

In the early summer of 1953 the first three Nilotics of the American Mission area went away to Bible School. They traveled 600 miles by river steamer, at about five miles an hour, and then 150 more miles by truck to reach Bishop Gwynn Divinity College in the southern-most province of the Sudan. There they study with students from many different tribes; their medium of study and intercourse with others is English. Adwok Mayam is a Shilluk and both Michael Char and Moses Kwech are Nuers. More than a year ago Michael lost his wife and so it was a happy time when he chose the oldest daughter of Adwok to



Right: Wedding party, Doleib Hill, March, 1953. Adwok Mayam (father of bride), Michael Char, (groom), Nyacor Adwok (bride), Mother of Nyacor and baby who is called "Verily, Verily," because his father plans to teach him the truth. Left: Nyacor Adwok and Michael Char, close up of the bride and groom

be his second wife. They were married shortly before the group started south.

Michael Char has done the work of evangelist and pastor among the Nuer villagers and school boys at Wanglel. His training up until this time has been through personal contact with missionaries such as Dr. W. J. Adair.

Moses Kwech is a young man from Nasir who has a quiet manner yet a keen testimony for Christ. After Intermediate school he studied the Word under the guidance of missionaries at Nasir and carried his witness to his own family and friends on and near the Nasir station. His testimony for Christ has been tried and proved before he left for Bible School. Moses has gone to school unmarried, but probably eats with Adwok and his son-in-law Michael.

Adwok Mayam is the one of the three who is best known to the writer. He is a man of about forty-five years and has taught school for nearly half of that time. He can do absolute wonders with a room full of 40 little boys straight from herding sheep—boys who never knew that paper could talk. His enthusiasm never seems to lag—he loves the youngsters. Over a year ago a little seven-year-old in his class was taken in the matter of a few hours with cerebral malaria. But there was no doubt in the mind of anyone but that the little chap had really heard the good news of Jesus.

Adwok has lost four children of his own whom he dearly loved and has been triumphant in Christ in each case. He is an elder in the church and through his own experiences can comfort and encourage the hearts of those who sorrow without hope. Beside his married daughter Adwok has a son who is twelve and a little girl about nine who are both in school; the youngest boy is almost three.

Because of his great number of years of

service as a teacher, Adwok has arrived at a very nice salary for a man with a family. But as much as he loves teaching and as many boys as he can win for Christ that way, he feels the Lord would have him give up his position with the government and train for pastoral work. The Doleib Hill church pledged to supply grain for his wife who has stayed at home this first year and a very small amount monthly for Adwok's expenses while in school. All together it is only about half of what he was getting before.

These three—Adwok, Michael, and Moses—are leading the way in full-time service for Christ among their own people. Their difficulties will be not a few. They will be preaching "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me" where every village group has its temple to the spirit of a dead king or to Nyikango, Deng, or Wol, the tribal deities. When they proclaim that the Son of God is the only sacrifice that is acceptable to God, the people who listen will say, "yes" and then kill a goat or cow because they fear the spirits of their ancestors. These men will preach that "there is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved" and those who hear will answer, "Yes, of course, but the honest people and those who don't fight will certainly go to God's village, too."

The men will say "come to church and hear about God's Son" and the listeners will say, "Yes, we will come," but the Lord's Day will find them far from God's house.

Adwok and Michael and Moses have been called to the Lord's service; they have had experience in witnessing and are now being taught the Word more fully. They know what their difficulties will be. Our supporting prayers will make their lives Spirit-filled to overcome all the opposition of Satan. No power, save that of the Holy Spirit, can triumph in this land.

... Egypt

Written by MARY C. THOMPSON and
MARTHA A. ROY, on Furlough from Egypt

CONVERSATION BETWEEN TWO EGYPTIAN GIRLS STUDYING IN AMERICA

NARGIS: Well, my dear Nabila, how are you? How do you find America? Is it all that you thought it would be?

NABILA: Oh, Nargis, I'm glad to see you! America is so big and everyone has so much to do! But it's beautiful, too. I just wish we could travel all over the country. I'm glad I had this chance to come to your school—I hope you get to mine.

NARGIS: This college is very nice. I'm glad that I came to a small college instead of a large one. My cousin who is in the State University finds the students there very busy in their own affairs, and not so congenial as I find them here. Here everyone is most kind to me and helps me to understand the words I don't know and the customs that are new to me. What is your college like?

NABILA: It doesn't have hills on the campus like this and no lake either. Because it's in the south there are palm trees and queer grey moss on all the other trees. The people there are kind to me, too. I like the students and the teachers. I agree that a small school is better. What do you hear from your family?

NARGIS: My last letter from my family said they were all quite well, but I do not know if they are telling the truth. It is hard to be so far from home. Did your father write you anything about my family? Are your father and mother well?

NABILA: All the letters say they are fine. You know our people wouldn't tell us if they were sick. But my father did see your father at church a couple of weeks ago. He was all right then. Wouldn't it be nice to see our families, or anyone from Egypt? Do you ever see anyone you know?

NARGIS: You can't imagine. Last week Katie, a Dutch girl, who was one of the campers at the Ecumenical Youth Work Camp in Shwair, Lebanon, stopped here for a visit. She is studying business administration at Park College this year. We had a good time talking about our experiences last summer.

NABILA: You never told me about last summer. I was so excited about getting to America that I didn't have time to think of anything else.

NARGIS: Didn't I show you the pictures of our work and the people? We had work groups. Some days a few of us did the cooking, and the rest worked on building

the chapel for the conference grounds. We changed jobs quite often. We had to bring the stone in a truck from far away. It was hard work, you may be sure. And we had to carry water for the building from a spring down the hill.

NABILA: You mean you carried the water and worked on the building? We couldn't do that at home. Tell me some more about it.

NARGIS: Each evening we had social times and discussions on many subjects, things which I never thought about before. Sundays we went to villages for Church service and Sunday School, and we became acquainted with the people.

NABILA: This was a church camp, wasn't it? Didn't you have any Bible classes?

NARGIS: Oh, of course. We had Bible study every day, led by Bill Haddad.

NABILA: That would be nice. Maybe I can do something like it some day. It's wonderful to be with people from many countries. It helps us to learn about other places and more about our own land, too.

NARGIS: I wish that all young people in our church and school in Tanta could have an opportunity like this. I remember when we were students, and Miss Roheya and Miss Ibtisam went to Italy and Germany for work camps one summer, and what wonderful stories and experiences they had. I thought they were the most lucky ones in all the world. Now we are having these wonderful experiences, too.

NABILA: Yes, here we are—two ordinary Egyptian girls. You've been to the work camp and we're both away off here in America.

NARGIS: By the way, did you hear about the work camp in Egypt?

NABILA: Why no, I hadn't heard about that. Are they really going to have one?

NARGIS: Yes, one of my friends who goes to the United Presbyterian Church here told me that there will be a work camp in Egypt in the summer of 1955. I hope that it will be a success and I wish that I could return to be one to help.

NABILA: I'd like to be there, too, but I do want to finish school here, and it's too expensive to go home for a summer. A work camp in Egypt will be like a new kind of conference. If it hadn't been for those girls' conferences, I would probably be in a government job instead of studying for Christian work. Was there a conference last summer?

NARGIS: No, the girls were disappointed. They asked for a conference this year, but there was no place to have one. It was the boys' turn at the Tanta school this year.

NABILA: When we go back we can help more with those conferences. That will

perhaps make it possible to have them more often.

NARGIS: It will. When we have a permanent conference place, we can have them every summer. Oh, that will be wonderful, and I surely want to be the first one to help.

NABILA: So do I. I wish more girls could have this chance we're having. America is so grand, and we have met such nice people here! But there's one thing I don't understand. Why do you suppose they do so much drinking?

NARGIS: You know, I found that was one of the hardest things. Of course, we were all taught in Tanta that we should not drink any wine at all. My friends near here invited me for a week-end at New Year's. They had a small party, and told me that a small drink would not hurt me. For their sakes, I could not refuse. I took a drink.

NABILA: Did you like it?

NARGIS: Oh, it tasted worse than salts. And all that night I was so ashamed of myself, I did not sleep. Now I shall not take any more—I felt unclean. I hope that these young people will not ask me any more; and even if they laugh at me, I cannot do it.

NABILA: They don't like to have people do things different from the crowd.

NARGIS: Yes, they think I am queer for that, and also because I cannot study on Sunday. We did not do it in our school in Egypt, and I cannot do it here. I feel much better in myself.

NABILA: That's the way I feel, too. I like learning many new things, but I don't want to forget all I've been taught at home. What are you going to do when you go back?

NARGIS: I do not know. I have at least two years more here. I should like to do something that will help our church when I return. Many of my friends and classmates are working in the National Bank in Cairo now and taking high salaries, or they are going to the high Institutes and will get good jobs teaching when they finish. But I think God has given me this opportunity here in America, so that I can serve Him better when I return to my home.

NABILA: I'm beginning to understand more of the reasons why I want to do Christian work. I always said I did, but now it's really a part of me. Even here where there is so much, there are still people who know that money isn't everything.



When Egyptian students in America think of home they remember lovely scenes along the Nile.

NARGIS: Did you hear about Zaizif? She is in England this year, studying in a Bible College. She wrote me that it is very cold there, and they have only small fires in their rooms to keep them warm. She is learning many useful things.

NABILA: I wish she could be in our nice warm school. Think how many of us are getting opportunities to go to other countries! We should do lots in Egypt to help those who have never had such wonderful chances. How long will Zaizif stay in England?

NARGIS: She will return to Egypt this summer. That is the same school that Miss Arada went to.

NABILA: I wonder if those girls in England have to answer the same questions about Egypt that we do.

NARGIS: It's hard to explain to people here in America about our country. I have spoken to groups of young girls, and to some classes here in the college. Sometimes they ask funny questions. One of the girls asked me if there were lions in the streets of Cairo. Imagine!

NABILA: They think I hunt elephants, too. And they're always surprised when I tell them that I wear the same kind of clothes here that I do at home. I don't think they really believe me. I tell them they'll just have to come to Egypt to see for themselves. I've found out I really didn't know much about America either.

NARGIS: I've learned lots of new things, too. But the best part of all is that the buses and trains are so convenient that you've been able to visit me. What a good time we'll have this week! We've only begun to talk about home and about our experiences here in America.



Retreats In Egypt

By PAUL H. McCLANAHAN, Assiut, Egypt

I HAVE just returned from a three-day Retreat in Luxor held in the home of George and Edna Morrison. And now while impressions and ideas of this time are fresh I shall try to explain something of the history and philosophy of this new Mission development.

Mohammed was ready with his great coat buttoned close as I walked toward him at midnight and asked him to pick up the luggage at the house. In a few minutes Rev. Girgis Grais, pastor of the Second Church of Assiut, and also a delegate to the Retreat, was with us in the car. We were fortunate enough to find a free compartment and there we made ourselves comfortable for the six-hour train trip to Luxor. And so began three memorable days, days characterized by Bible study, long discussion of the central theme of the Retreat, "Youth Work in the Egyptian Church," and most important of all, a constant fellowship between national and missionary, a fellowship warm, informal, enlightening.

Because this Retreat is typical in arrangement and schedule of all the Retreats which have been held in Egypt let me give you a swift picture of our daily schedule. The rising time was seven o'clock and then at 7:30 we gathered, all ten of us, seven Egyptians and three Americans, around the breakfast table. Even the breakfast menu spoke of the careful inter-group planning of the Retreat as olives and *Halawa Tahniya* (a favorite Egyptian confectionery) sat on the table beside western toast and marmalade.

First regularly scheduled item for the day was a Bible study period led by Mr. George Morrison. He had selected the Book of Titus both for brevity and pastoral usefulness, and truly we did find this book a rarely good study. By the time a majority of the ten pastors present had expressed his point of view on a phrase or an idea, our time was always too far gone for comfort. Bible study of this type with its frank and vivid interplay of mind and experience is a rare treat. At ten o'clock we tore ourselves loose from Bible study and downed some good hot tea with a cookie or two slipped in and then from 10:30 until 1:00 each day we concentrated our attention upon the theme of the conference, "Youth Work in the Egyptian Church." On Tues-

day we considered the theme from the angle of the individual church and on Wednesday we looked at it from an overall organizational point of view. Dinner came at 1:00 and by this time I can assure you that each of us was hungry. On the final day of the conference we were surprised and delighted when Zaki, the Morrison's genial cook, carried in a magnificent turkey. After lunch we were free until four o'clock except on Wednesday afternoon when the group toured the ancient temple city of Karnak. After tea at four we spent until 6:30 discussing some matter relevant to our general theme. During this period I myself led a heated and vigorously shared-in discussion of "Communism and Egyptian Youth." After supper on Tuesday we spent a most interesting time discussing the relations between Church and Mission. Bedtime those Luxor nights came anywhere from 10:30 to 12:00.

But for me the highlight of this Retreat was the final hour and a half on Wednesday evening when each member shared with the group personal prayer petitions. It was deeply moving to hear these men speak far below the surface of their lives frankly bearing personal struggle and hope. At the close of this period of sharing we formed a circle and each man prayed specifically for the objects which had been mentioned by the person to his right. I doubt if any one of us who shared that last time of spiritual honesty will forget or ever be indifferent to the life and work of his colleagues in this Retreat.

And what happened in Luxor only a few weeks ago has happened several times in recent years with various groups and with different central themes. The first Retreat was held in Minia in the summer of 1951 and others have been held at Dukki in Cairo and at Assiut College and in Luxor. Each has had as its underlying philosophy the idea that a small inter-group fellowship offers an effective setting for Christian growth and mutual appreciation and friendship. Your author has attended three of these Retreats and out of them has come for him deepened friendships, spiritual stimulation and self-searching and a conviction that this is the most effective method he knows for bringing about that Fellowship of Love which alone can genuinely further the goals of both the Evangelical Church and the Mission community.

Youth Responds In Ethiopia

By MRS. DUNCAN C. HENRY, Boone, Iowa, former Ethiopia Missionary

WOULD you care to walk under the umbrella with me as we go from the parked car to the Fifth-of-May Picture Theater in Addis Ababa? Yes, the rainy season is here and the rain drips down our backs as we find our way into the crowded theater. Ushers at the big front door shake their heads and suggest that we try the stage door. More rain down our necks as we push along a tiny path where the umbrellas must be raised high to clear some bushes. Was the trouble worthwhile?

You are far from comfortable now as you shrink in your clothes from the wet clothing which was also cold. You are almost on the Equator but you are also over 8,000 feet high and the cold makes you shiver. Perhaps you feel like going back to the car, but you would also be cold there, and really this *might* be something worthwhile seeing. So we finally push ourselves through the small door into the great room.

You catch your breath as you look about you. What are we looking at anyway, a football stadium, an oratory contest, a popular movie idol, anything that might draw the youth of the city of Addis Ababa into a great building on a rainy, cold day? None of those!

The building is filled to overflowing, and, as we try to move into the front, the eye of the stage manager catches ours and he sends two boys with chairs that we may put in a rather crowded place, but where we can see the stage and the audience.

Perhaps before the program begins I can explain what this is. It is a meeting of the Christian youth of the schools of Addis Ababa, boys and girls, teachers, and guards privileged to be admitted at all. But our hearts love the youth of the country and they know when we *love them*, as youth all over the world know when they are *loved*.

As our eyes clear themselves of the rush of tears, we look over that vast audience, and we begin to see some hands waving to us and smiles here and there. Who are these young people? Many of them have been started along the Way of Life in the various mission schools and by Christian teachers and in Christian homes; some of them have come because their friends came; some just for the fun of the thing. But the majority are Christian young people who are really interested. Here, a group

from the Secondary School (high school) in the city; another from the high school just outside of the city. Here are the younger boys and girls from the various elementary schools. A big wave from a group of boys shows the group where only a few years ago a small boy wrote, "I am trying to keep up my prayers and my Bible reading and the songs. Please send me a song book that I may teach the boys in my dormitory to sing." Later he wrote, "We have learned several songs and the boys join me in my reading and even take turns in our group prayers." That boy had joined his Saviour and was singing his songs in Heaven, but the boys he taught were there.

The stage manager is a missionary. His assistants are secretaries in important offices of the government. One of these was a former school boy from Sayo (Dumbe-Dollo), and he would later be sent to Scotland for his Bible training. Both were fine capable young men. As the three came forward on the platform, a hush fell over that great audience. The leader gave out a hymn, "Take the Name of Jesus with You," to be sung in Amharic. Have you ever heard a group of young folk sing? Here were hundreds and they wanted to sing! And they did. They almost ran away in timing from the piano player, but how they sang and how they meant what they sang.

Many of them had come to realize that only if "you take the name of Jesus with you" you could find the joy and peace of knowing that He would be with you, and would lead and care for them all the way. Did they always remember that? Did they always do what they knew He wanted them to do?

Do you, who have had years of religious training and know far more as to what you *should* do than these children in the faith? They really want to do what Jesus would do, but the ways are strange: the teachers say one thing; often the missionary or priest says another; the parents say another. How can they be sure! They make many mistakes as they walk slowly along "The Way." But their direction is the right direction and they *will learn* as we the older ones have and are learning.

The Lord's Prayer followed, rolling from the throats of all, for it is taught in every school, both government and mission. Then

(Continued on Inside Back Cover)

Everybody Loves A Story

LAM

By MARY SMITH, M.D., Nasir, South Sudan



LAM looked out across the very flat countryside as he set off toward the little group of tukls where he had decided to go first that morning. The sun had hardly been up for a half-hour and was sending long golden shafts of light through the beautiful palm and ler trees that abounded there. Great ungainly marabo storks were croaking harshly in the tree tops and a chilly wind from the north made Lam's ears tingle and had induced him to wear the brightly colored sweater that he had knit for himself a couple of years before. But he knew that it would be hot, very hot, before ten-thirty when he would be coming back to the Mission.

As he walked along briskly he wondered who he would find at this home today and what his reception would be. He had been there once or twice before and the women were interested in the Word of God and had listened well. But he could not always tell what the next visit would bring for this was 'new talk' to the people in this area and they were afraid and superstitious and if there had been any trouble of any kind in the home since his last visit the people might feel that it was jealousy in the part of their old family god.

But Lam found a warm and friendly greeting waiting for him. One of the women was in the little hut pounding the grain for the morning breakfast. The other was a few feet from the house digging a shallow trench that was to be the foundation for a corn-stalk enclosure that would cut the coldness of the north winds and give shade for the hot part of the day. Lam chose a point approximately half way between the two women and started his lesson as they continued with their work.

"What were we talking about the last time I came?" asked Lam.

After some hesitation one of the two mumbled something about God.

"What God?" was the follow up.

"The God of Heaven."

"Yes," was Lam's happy answer, "and today we will talk more about Him for He wants to be your God and to teach you the truth. His name is Jesus."

It really wasn't so much like a lesson as a conversation and Lam was wise enough to draw very simple illustrations as he went

on for these people were not accustomed to talking much about any god and anything of the abstract did not come easily to their thinking.

At one point he was asking, "And why do you want to live? Why is living such a good thing?"

"I want to live because I have just harvested my grain and I want to enjoy it this dry season." This was not a facetious answer, but only too true an indication of the depth of the poor woman's thinking. How Satan cripples every faculty as he binds in fear, superstition and ignorance.

Perhaps Lam had been talking to the women for fifteen minutes when a man came out the near-by barn (only a larger edition of the house and the place where the men hold forth) and ambled over to where Lam was sitting.

"What are you doing here?" he asked in a rather surly tone.

"I have come to teach you and your family about the God of Life," was Lam's answer.

"I do not want to hear about any god. I know Biel, the god of my father, and he is my god. Do not bother us with this talk."

"But I have been here before," Lam answered undaunted, "and these women are listening to my talk for it is good talk."

The man scowled.

Lam continued, "This talk is of the God of Heaven who is the Creator God and the God of all life. I would like to teach it to you."

"No, I will not hear this talk, and you must go away."

Lam did not force himself on those who did not want him, but neither did he give up gained territory easily. "But these women," he said quietly, "they are listening to this talk and they want to have life."

"Well," conceded the man rather ungraciously, "you may teach them if you wish when I am not home. But if I am here you may not come."

A few days later Lam was walking down one of the paths on the Mission compound and he came to one of the lime trees which was surrounded by a little corn-stalk enclosure for the protection of the limes as this is a most popular fruit in the Sudan and if not protected, simply disappear. He

met the man who had refused to let him tell him of God. The man stopped Lam and asked him to give him a lime.

"No," said Lam, "I cannot give you a lime for they do not belong to me."

"Oh, but you can give me one lime. No one will know that you have taken it."

"No," answered Lam, "I cannot do it for that would be stealing and stealing is sin and the God whom I serve says that we are not to steal."

The man looked surprised. "Your God does not like stealing. This is strange. What God is this? Why does He not like stealing?"

Lam looked at the man quietly. "This is the God that you did not want to hear about at your house the other day. He is the Father of Righteousness and He hates sin because it brings death to His children."

"This sounds like good talk," said the man, "tell me more."

Lam began on the Ten Commandments.

The man was spellbound. Finally he said again, "This is good talk. When can you come to my house to teach me more of the words of your God?"

Lam's heart was full of joy. He not only won his would-be enemy, but the Lord had given him a practical illustration of the power of living-out in daily life what he had been sent to preach. His heart was truly full of joy.

* * *

Lam is a Nuer missionary from Nasir to our Nuer mission station at Ler. His own home is many miles from Nasir and he was brought up in a pagan home where the name of Jesus had never been heard. He came to the mission at Nasir as a young boy because he had heard that there was work and he wanted money to buy cattle. He was not interested in the words of Jesus.

He stayed at the mission for many years and made money. He also went to workers'

prayers and to church, but he really wasn't much interested in what he heard.

One summer he went home to visit his family and while there he contracted a severe case of pneumonia. His family were ready to sacrifice to the family gods, but says Lam, "I had a feeling that that was wrong and I had to talk to my family with very strong talk to keep them from killing a cow. I told them that if they killed a sacrifice I knew that I would die. Finally they listened to what I said and after that I got better. When I came back to the mission I was hungry for the words of Jesus."

In the process of time he came to make his public confession and then did village evangelistic work for a time with Miss Huffman here. When the Jordans went to Ler they asked to have Lam go with them to help with the house work. After the house work was done Lam would go out to the villages to teach and to preach to the Nuers there. Later the Jordans were able to release him to do village work full time. I was privileged recently to visit the Jordans at Ler and to go to the villages with Lam on two occasions. I would like to ask your prayers for this young evangelist. He has had little formal training as such, but he has a growing love for his Saviour and I long to see him have a greater burden for souls and a clearer message as well as a greater day-by-day witness and testimony. But as the Lord has laid it on my heart to pray in this way for Lam, He has also graciously opened my eyes to my own needs in just these very same points. As a missionary of the Gospel of Christ, how little is my love for these who are dying and how small my burden of prayer for them. How very little of myself I am really willing to give for the sake of Him who gave His all for me. Brethren, pray for us.

ATTENTION — MISSIONARIES!

Years ago, Missions Home, located in Winona Lake, Indiana, was established as a place where missionaries of all denominations might spend several weeks of rest and relaxation without cost for lodging. The Winona Committee desires to bring this to your attention and to extend to all missionaries a cordial invitation to avail themselves of this opportunity for a period of two weeks anytime between June 21 and August 31.

The School of Missions will be held this year June 21-26. The Committee would be especially happy to have the Home filled at that time. All applications and requests for information should be sent to Mrs. J. Sick, Missions Home, Winona Lake, Indiana.

Everybody Loves A Story

OLD WINDY

By RAY HUFFMAN, Nasir, South Sudan



OLD WINDY is one of three windmills which mark one spot in Nuerland where the Water of Life has been available for years in this fear-ridden land.

One of those windmills has retired from active duty but still holds his tank aloft. If he could talk, what tales he could tell us, for when Old Windy first reared his head, he saw crowds of people bringing sheep and cattle to a little two-roomed, thatched clinic to exchange them for the wonderful medicines which meant freedom from pain. He saw people crawl in there trembling, but as time passed, he saw them walk away confidently, healed in body and strengthened in spirit. He saw the blind made to see and the lame to walk.

Old Windy has seen three churches here and twice he has seen a church building torn down to make room for a better one. He remembers the time when the workers' roll was practically the same as the school for no parent would send a child to school in those early years so for two hours a day, the workers "worked" in school. Hard work too, they said.

He remembers how often a sudden-war-cry would bring scores of men swimming the river, their spears held high. Wild excitement for a bit, then a busy time at the clinic.

When he looked over the landscape, he saw sheep and cattle sacrificed by those whose hearts were frantic with fear of the unknown, no thought of a loving God but only of one whose favour must be bought with sheep and cattle.

Old Windy heard many a Nuer say, "I'm baptized, give me work," as if baptism meant an endless job—at good salary—and unlimited opportunity for borrowing. He has seen missionaries dispense the Water of Life daily, undaunted, although sometimes, like Old Windy on his job, with a plaintive squeak, but no let-up, no time to be discouraged.

Changes came, some gradually, others quickly.

He saw the triplets which indicate Christianity—the church, the clinic, the school—gradually increase in size, in scope, and effectiveness. Pupils were boys instead of men, even girls occasionally in the boarding school if food was scarce in the village, while mothers brought babies to the clinic

which showed their hearts were becoming less fearful. But still most of those who attended church were the ones who received material benefit from the Mission.

Old Windy saw a meager staff care for the triplets, often a nurse alone in the medical work. He saw brown hair turn grey and remembers the long years when grey hair was the vogue here. But buildings increased and personnel too. Hair styles changed from grey back to brown. Now he watches two doctors and two nurses at work in a large clinic with a corps of native helpers. He sees white and black going out to the villages every day to take the Message, their feet as well as their hearts consecrated to their Master's work. He hears shouts of joy from the classroom nearby when men realize they leap from illiteracy into an ability to read anything they encounter in their vernacular in from 12-20 hours of class work. He hears a multi-graph in the distance printing schoolbooks while nearby a mimeograph turns out the papers-that-can-talk for the villagers.

Through all these years Old Windy has seen the battle waged relentlessly against fear and superstition. He remembers the time when young men had six deep cuts made across the forehead from ear to ear, suffering intense pain in order to show their patriotism, and it took those cuts two months to heal. No one seeing the tribal marks cut in those early years, hearing that knife grate on the bone, would ever dream that such a practice would lose an iota of its prestige for the Nuer attached so much importance to it and suffered so terribly to attain it. They still cut the tribal marks but now the boy is only twelve when he is changed into a man with six strokes of an improvised knife. Now the cuts heal in a month while taboos which used to be rigidly observed in connection with this rite are relaxed to a great extent. Surely the cuts are not as deep or the superstitions regarding this rite as stringent.

In recent years he has seen the first fruits of the Seed sown in the villages. He sees Christian couples, even whole families, trying to honor their Saviour. He sees inquirers' classes meeting on the compound and in many homes in the villages. He sees Christians kill the cobra and viper and

knows these men have come a long way in their Christian belief when they are willing to kill what they and their forefathers have always considered sacred.

He still sees sheep and cattle sacrificed, although some say a craving for meat prompts more sacrifices these days than any desire for worship for no one ever kills a healthy sheep or cow primarily for food.

Through all the years, Old Windy has seen Christians—pupils, workers, villagers—follow the Way faithfully, although some take a short "recess," then return and try again, while a few recant and return openly to their old faith. He hears the missionaries teach that our God wants peace in earth and goodwill among men. He knows that some listen and heed, while others plead, "I sinned," and all the missionary can do is to pray with and for them and urge them to try again. But others have urged them constantly to attain that same peace and goodwill—and have done more than vocal urging—to make them realize the wages of sin is death to freedom, to desire, to all the things they comprehend and cherish. Old Windy knows that the local British officials have exercised all their powers to demonstrate that it pays to observe Christ's teaching. They show the Nuer that stealing, adultery, brutality, augmenting superstition, do not pay. They show justice to whom justice is due, practical sympathy in problems little and big. They too heal diseased bodies and relieve distressed minds. We teach the futility of trusting in charms, they strike at those who sell them and make capital out of the Nuer's fear and superstition. Daily they demonstrate that the Golden Rule has never been revoked.

Yet these British officials poohpoo the idea that they are missionaries. It's only "their job." But Old Windy knows the confidence they have fostered, the justice they have taught and demonstrated, the healing they have done. He knows the power of a layman in Christ's work is never to be underestimated.

The other day Old Windy heard our oldest evangelist say that before the British



Old Windy sees many tukis in Nuerland where-in dwell people whose lives have been changed because of the ministry of our Mission.

came, the Nuer had to have polygamy and inherited wives in order to produce the manpower each village required for they raided or were raided frequently. Now, he says, the raids are over and we settle many of our disputes without spears. May Old Windy speedily see the day when the Nuer will be willing to utilize his cattle to better his economic condition instead of using them for sacrifice or to augment the personnel in his village.

Now Old Windy sees the Nuer helping to spread the Word of God, to teach, to heal. He hears a new language—not indigenous to this part of the Sudan—being taught. He knows how the Nuer, paddling his canoe, considers five miles an hour as speed but now he sees those who aspire to help guide their Ship of State which is dashing ahead at a tremendous pace. Can they bridge the gap from canoe-pace to this in one leap? The Nuer knows the current of the river well, but will he be able to steer his Ship of State away from the rocks? Old Windy knows he will if he remembers Christ's teaching which he has heard and seen demonstrated.

While Old Windy peers into the future and tells us that a "great door . . . is opened . . . and there are many adversaries," he cautions us to put on the whole armour of God and go forth in faith, believing that it is not Our Father's will that one of the least of these should perish.

MISSIONARY HORIZONS — SPRING PRESBYTERIAL CONVENTIONS

Knowing that a majority of all who attend Presbyterian meetings are subscribers to "Missionary Horizons," we do not plan to send complimentary, sample bundles this Spring, unless the Presbyterian President or Literature Secretary makes special request. Mailing costs are too high to send indiscriminately.

However, we shall be glad to comply with requests from those who will use the Magazine (and some subscription "dodgers") in promoting missionary interest in the presbyterial, and in individual congregations. Why not try wide distribution of the "dodgers"? Free in quantities for congregational distribution—one to a family.

Everybody Loves A Story

Kohat & Kurrum Valley

By MARGARET BALLANTYNE, on Furlough from Pakistan



ON the India-Pakistan map at the back of the *Prayer Cycle* the Kurrum River is marked. The territory along the river which flows from Afghanistan into the Indus River in Pakistan is an exceedingly interesting region, closely joined to tribal territory where neither God's nor man's laws are considered of much worth. East of the Kurrum Valley is Kohat district, with its large city also named Kohat built within walls barricaded at night against raiders.

Beginning with the city of Parachinar, twelve miles east of the Afghan border, 117 miles east to Kohat is one of the most challenging areas any mission ever had. Formerly it was the responsibility of the Church Missionary Society of the Church of England to proclaim the Gospel in this region, but the British mission had so long been forced by lack of personnel to neglect this region, that twenty-three years ago it authorized the United Presbyterian Church to assume this duty and privilege.

To the border of Afghanistan! What a challenge to our church! Many a speaker, many a writer recorded this thrilling call to proclaim the Gospel to the very gates of the "Forbidden Country." Many a missionary thought with longing burdened heart of this "region beyond" his own work in the Punjab. Alas, the United Presbyterian Church, like the Church of England, ever growing larger and larger in the homeland has steadily decreased its staff of men to represent it in India and Pakistan, and in all these years we have never had a man from our own mission ranks free to be located in this interesting, dangerous, challenging territory.

During these years that none of us could go, from time to time various British independent missionaries have volunteered service there, and their testimony and influence "shall shine as the stars for ever and ever" in that dark region. Chief among these volunteer workers was Miss Flora Davidson (whose book, *The Hidden Highway*, is written in part about this region), now living in retirement in Scotland. After ten years of rugged spiritual warfare in Kohat she was driven out by the men of power in the city. Her kind of work has been described as "sowing the seed on solid rock," yet even from that rock the Lord

was pleased to call twelve from that city into His fold. After being driven out of that city, she spent years farther up the valley toward Afghanistan at Hangu, Thall, and Parachinar. The long arm of the British government reached out to restrain this fearless Scotswoman again and again as she warred against Satan in region where even the military did not venture without adequate number and arms. At Hangu particularly she had to bow to the law and provide herself with four watchmen, each with a gun. (Months later she said with a twinkle to the official who granted the permit, "I am glad nothing was said about bullets.")

At our mission annual meeting in 1952 we felt the moral obligation to provide evangelists for this region. Since we continued to have none of our own to spare, we voted to welcome the cooperation of any other mission able to send workers to this frontier. A British mission, called the Afghan Border Crusade, was able to accept this invitation, and in the words of the dedication of Miss Davidson's book to "dare to leave the safety of the lower ways to prepare a 'Highway for our God' in these wild uplands (and valleys) though perchance it be at cost of perils and pains, tears, and blood."

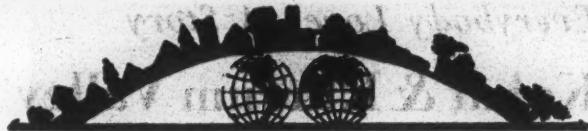
Though we have no mission representatives of our own in this strategic territory, we have a mighty potential witness in the church. At Kohat, Hangu, Thall, and Parachinar we have groups of Punjabi Christian sweepers who followed the military to the far North plying their lowly trade. Poor, despised, neglected, untaught, for many years without pastor or teacher, they have again and again voiced the cry, "Send someone to teach us." The very nature of their work takes them as servants into homes closed to any other Christian. What chance is there for our little groups of sweepers in these four places to be a power for righteousness to their proud non-Christian neighbors and employers? Only this, that these outcasts "who are not a people" become a people in Christ, born again of the Spirit, regenerated, endued with power, lights that cannot be hid.

At long, long last one of our Pakistan (Continued on Page 443)

Everybody Loves A Story

WALLS

By MRS. LEANDER FINLEY, Omdurman, North Sudan



THE Mohammedan city of Omdurman could well be called a city of walls. The houses are almost entirely one story with flat roofs. Around the edge of each lot is a mud, brick or stone wall six or eight feet high that separates it completely from the neighbors or the street. These walls serve as protection from thieves or other marauders and keep the women from being seen by any other men other than husbands and close relatives. Often the houses and yards are very small and to spend one's life in such places seems to us a drab existence. When visiting with the women in their homes I always think how very shut in they are. I realized this more than ever when we came back from furlough in 1952. It was necessary for us to live in a rented house out in the city for a year while the new mission residence was being built on the grounds of the new Commercial High School.

The housing situation in Omdurman since the war has been difficult and houses for rent very few. Finally a house was found within walking distance of the high school. It belonged to a Mohammedan doctor who was being transferred to another town.

It was a well-built house on a corner lot about 60x90 feet so there were close neighbors on only two sides and these were very close. In fact we could hear most of the noise that was produced by the activities of both families of neighbors as well as we could have if we had all lived in the same compound. I got to know the neighbor women very well and learned many things about their "way of life" that I had not known before.

Many of these Mohammedan women are not only confined within the walls around their yards, but also confined to certain parts of their own houses—especially when the men are at home.

The house in which we lived was typical of the better-class Moslem house. There was a large living-dining room at the front of the house and a large airy bedroom with private bath. These were the husband's rooms. A smaller bedroom at the back part of the house opening on to a small veranda was the apartment for the wife and children. The kitchen, a small dark room, was just outside this room and also another small room that housed a latrine. A tiny

yard led to the back gate or women's entrance. In such quarters the wife spends most of her days. We found the smaller bedroom so hot and uncomfortable that we used it only for a store room. But Zeinab, the doctor's wife and their four children had thought it quite adequate. The neighbor women seemed surprised that I wasn't using it, but shared the big front bedroom with my husband.

When we moved in we found that the window panes of the living room were painted dark green, as an extra precaution that the doctor's wife might be protected from the gaze of any strange men who might visit the doctor. One of the first things we did was to remove this paint so that we could see out and the light could come in. This too was a surprise to the neighbor women.

It is not customary for a Moslem family to eat together. Usually the wife and children eat in their quarters and the husband is served alone in his rooms. The dining room is used only when the husband entertains men friends and on these occasions the women do not appear unless the visitors are close relatives.

From our front door we looked out across a veranda and a small yard to the high metal front gate or men's entrance. Beside this gate was another small room housing another latrine. The neighbor women at first came to the back gate when they came to see me until they learned that I used the same gate that my husband did; then they came to that one. It is the custom in this country when calling at a house to knock on the gate. When the one inside comes to the gate he does not open it as our custom is when someone knocks on the door, but instead he first asks, "Who are you?" Then the visitor answers, "It is I" and sometimes doesn't say his name. If his voice is recognized as that of a friend the door is opened at once. If not, the visitor is questioned until he gives his name or gives his reason for being there. I had always thought this a rather rude custom, but I soon learned to follow it and always asked who was knocking before I opened the door especially when I was alone in the house. There was no way to

(Continued on Page 438)



"Is There Aught He Needs That My Hands Withhold?"

By MRS. NEAL McCLANAHAN, Monmouth, Ill., retired from Egypt

THREE thousand years ago oxen treading 'round the threshing floor of an Egyptian farmer shelled out two grains of wheat. One was preserved in a jar and buried in a royal tomb and there it lies today as shriveled and lifeless as the mummy with which it has slept these thousands of years. The other was cast by the farmer back into the soil from which it grew and today, as far as the eye can see are ripening harvests that tell of its ongoing life.

You and I are single grains of wheat. We may shrivel and die in Jesus' sense abiding by ourselves alone or we may bear much fruit.

As I write, our Egyptian Mission is celebrating its centennial in Assiut. I see the faces of those gathered for this historic occasion. I know of the work they have accomplished through a longer or shorter period of time and it all seems to me like a ripening field of grain, churches, schools, hospitals all made possible because men and women significant as God's grain of wheat were at some time of their life obedient to His call that changed their lives and sent them forth.

May I speak briefly of one institution and one man?

Many times during our years in Assiut College Mr. McClanahan took tourists and friends to a little stable in the old part of Assiut. Here Assiut College had its beginning about ninety years ago, founded by Dr. John Hogg one of the first-rate missionaries of the nineteenth century. Within these simple walls he, his family and four students lived. A seed was then sown that fell into soil of ongoing life.

If you were to visit Assiut College today you would see a lovely campus, thirteen substantial buildings and a student body of almost a thousand including the two departments.

I would enjoy writing of other established work in which the church and mission take delight. I would like to tell you of the happy, useful men and women, Egyptian and American, who have dedicated their lives that Christ might be

known in this land that sheltered him as a little child. But because my heart prompts me to write of a matter of great urgency, I must take the remainder of my allotted space to help you to understand the pressing need there is today in your Egyptian Mission for young men and young women who will go, for those who will pray, for parents who, recognizing this need and opportunity, will be willing to do that difficult thing, encourage their children to answer this call.

What a variety of loyalties figure and disfigure all of us. To what do we belong? There are certain ideals and ideas to which we should be bound forever, and to which we should respond as they beckon us. Should we not in the midst of our affairs pause and examine the loyalties upon which our lives are being built?

All who are interested in Egypt are grateful for a new government characterized by courtesy and tolerance, that welcomes those who go out to work alongside its people. We take courage as we hear of the gifted young Egyptian pastor who has gone as a missionary to the Sudan. Should we not match the opportunities of this hour with a deeper dedication?

"Life is not lost by dying! Life is lost,
Minute by minute, day by dragging day,
In all the thousand, small uncaring
ways, . . .

Life can be
Lost without vision but not lost by death,
Lost by not caring, willing, going on
Beyond the ragged edge of fortitude
To something more—something no man
has seen.

You who love money, you love yourself,
You who love bitterness—
Rise up! The loves we had were not
enough.

Something is loosed to change the shaken
world,

And with it we must change!

Stephen Vincent Benet

Everybody Loves A Story
THE CURIOUS ONE



By MARJORIE DYE, Cairo, Egypt

TWO little boys sat on a bench under the American Mission sign in front of the Ezbekia Building in Cairo. Mohammad's feet were swinging and he looked completely at home, but Ahmad sat stiff and uncomfortable. He was new in Cairo. A man passed them and entered the building. At once there was a noisy scrambling under the stairs and a wiry little man scurried out and darted up the stairway after the stranger. Ahmad's eyes widened and he asked, "Why did our father do that? Why did he run after that man?"

Mohammad's white teeth shone. "Didn't you see that strange man? Our father is the doorkeeper—he has to see where that man is going!"

Ahmad subsided, then said doubtfully, "You mean that is the first stranger who has gone in here this morning? So many people have come and gone! Who could know all of them?"

"We know everyone," boasted his brother. Ahmad muttered something about having known all the people in their village, but he knew in his heart that was nothing compared with knowing all these strange looking people. Some of them even talked in peculiar ways. He didn't understand what Mohammad meant when he said some were Egyptians, others Armenian, Greek, English or American. "Who's that man?" he asked, to test his brother's wide knowledge.

"The big man in frangi clothes and a tarboosh? That's Rev. Ghobrial. He's an Egyptian preacher."

"What's a preacher?"

"Do I know? Something like a holy man, I guess. This is the first day of the week, when they have their church meetings."

"What? Where?"

"You'll see. You know that big room on the second floor? That's where—and they sing and the preacher talks." Mohammad tried to tell his little brother about the Armenian congregation meeting first in the morning, then the Egyptian, and the American and Greek people who came for their services in the evening. Ahmad understood very little, but Mohammad enjoyed explaining. "And besides that, at the same time they have Sunday Schools in different languages too, in the chapel

downstairs, and in the prayer room and in the two schools. Sunday School is interesting. Sometimes we have pictures and stuff to play with."

"Do you go to Sunday School?"

"Sometimes. And besides—" Mohammad was determined to tell everything that went on in Ezbekia. "Besides church and Sunday School, there's something else called Christian Endeavor. And there are prayer meetings, and big weddings and funerals and everything. People just come and come—and we know all of them."

"Our father says maybe a thousand boys and girls go to school here. You don't know all of them!"

"We do too. And their fathers and mothers that bring them sometimes, too."

"Do any of the kids live here in the building?"

"Just some of the girls—over in the other side of the building where the Girls' School is. Maybe we don't know all the people over there that go in the other door, but girls aren't important anyway."

"I wish I could go to school," Ahmad sighed, looking back into the court of the Boys' School. It looked quiet and cool, the walls dark green below and cream colored above. Mohammad nodded, "Maybe someone will give our father enough money so both of us can go to school."

The next morning Ahmad found the quiet of the courtyard shattered and hundreds of boys with little suitcases full of books streaming into the building. After they all had found their rooms and their own seats, it was a little quieter, and other people began coming into the building. A big American man got out of a car and spoke to them as he entered the building. Mohammad yanked Ahmad's sleeve to make him stand. "That's Dr. Elder!" he whispered. "He's the head man of the missionaries, and besides he's awfully nice. You'll see him come in every day."

"Why?"

"Do I know? He works here, in that office where there's a stone head upside down on the desk."

"Are those other rooms around there offices too?" Ahmad asked, "The one with the funny machine?"

"Yes, that's a machine that makes let-

ters. And in one office they pay out money."

"What's that room in the corner with all the books?"

"That's a library. Lots of people come and read books and sometimes they take some away with them."

"You run after them and stop them when they do that, don't you?"

"No, they aren't stealing them, they just read them and bring them back."

"Aren't they strange people, to let someone carry off their books? If I could read I'd get one."

"So would I!"

"When they pray in that prayer room, do they face toward Mecca?"

"No—and they don't always pray in Arabic either. Their God must understand just about every language there is."

A man with a basket of food came and sat on the bench beside them for a few minutes. Mohammad chatted freely with him and after he had gone in Ahmad asked, "Who was that? Why did he take that food upstairs?"

"Well those Americans who live upstairs have to eat, don't they?"

"You mean the Americans have houses up there? Where?"

"Of course. Two families live on the third floor, and another up on the roof.

And then there's one over above the Girls' School."

Monday afternoon while the boys were chewing big flaps of bread with salty cheese, a tall dignified Egyptian man sat down beside them. Ahmad was frightened when he saw the fine tarboosh, the silver-topped cane and gold chain across the man's chest. But he looked up and the man's eyes were twinkling and his smile was the kindest Ahmad had ever seen. He smiled back, but still he didn't answer when the man said, "My name is Sheikh Kamil, what is yours?" Mohammad explained about his brother having just come from the village, and Sheikh Kamil smiled, "I used to live in a village, too. You should have seen the village I lived in." Before he knew it, Ahmad was leaning against the big man, listening to him tell about his village. Mohammad, leaning on the other side, asked, "Were you little and skinny like us, sir?"

Sheikh Kamil laughed delightedly. "Just as little as this one," he patted Ahmad's shoulder. "And just as ignorant—without hope in the world." He seemed to be talking to himself. "May the Lord be as good to you as He has been to me," he smiled as he went into the chapel to lead his Monday meeting.

Mohammad looked admiringly after him. "When I grow up I want to be just like Sheikh Kamil."

"So do I!" echoed Ahmad.

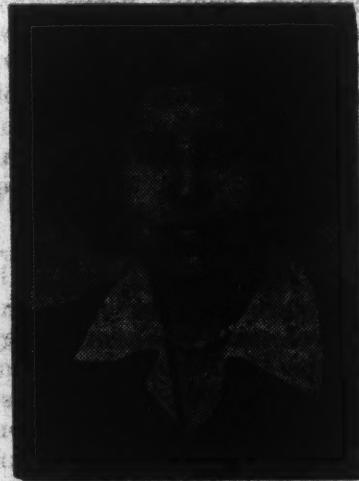
**HAVE YOU MET THESE EGYPTIAN YOUNG PEOPLE? THEY ARE TYPICAL OF THOSE WHO
COME TO OUR SHORES FOR HIGHER EDUCATION**



Seneye Tawfik
Studying at Garfield
Memorial Hospital,
Washington, D. C.



Fayez Fares
Graduate study in
Princeton Theological
Seminary



Gomer Mensour
Studied at Columbia
Hospital, Pittsburgh



Everybody Loves A Story

JOEY



By MRS. HERBERT L. DOWNIE, Detroit, Michigan

BY the side of a narrow dirt road in central Alabama stands a small unpainted house. The windows do not have glass in them and the door is hinged to the house by three pieces of hemp. Across the front of the house is a porch on which are many things, a pile of wood and pieces of corrugated boxes used to fire the cooking stove, a set of tin washtubs on a tottering old bench and some garden tools. On the porch, leaning against a post sits a little boy about eight years old. His name is Joey.

Joey has been up since early morning. He was very hungry and somehow it was hard for him to sleep when he was so hungry. Later in the day he would become very tired but right now he thought he would start to walk to the mission school. Sometimes when he walked he forgot how hungry he was and besides the teacher at the mission school was kind. Just listening to her tell about Jesus and sing songs often helped Joey to forget his unhappiness.

The night before when his father had come back from looking for work they had had a very small supper. Raw sweet potatoes might taste good to some people but Joey had eaten them for so long they didn't even have any flavor left.

"Poor Father," thought Joey, "He tries so hard to raise food and find work to earn money to care for us. Sometimes I wish the farmers hadn't heard about tractors and other farm machinery. I know it helps them in their work but it also keeps men like my father from finding jobs."

The sun was well up beyond the black fields that stretched out along the side of the road along which Joey was walking. The birds were singing in the trees and if he hadn't been so hungry Joey would have been stopping to listen to them. Just around the bend in the road the little mission school came into view. Joey walked a little faster. He was so glad for the mission school. Most of his friends were too, for if there hadn't been a mission school most of them would never have learned to read and to write. Joey remembered the tumbled-down, unpainted building in the center of the cornfield that used to be the school he went to. There were no chairs, few books, and most often not even a teacher. It was

one of the county schools. He surely was glad that he was allowed to go to the mission to school. He also learned about a friend who cared for him, Joey, all the time.

"Jesus is just like a Big Brother to all of us," Miss Jackson had told them. Joey liked to think about his Friend Jesus. He was learning to read about Him, too. Sometimes when he was reading he would forget that he was Joey in Alabama and dream he was a doctor caring for little children with sores on their bodies and sicknesses inside. . . . He would think he was just like Dr. Simons.

Miss Jackson met Joey as he walked up the path to the school. "Good Morning, Joey. Would you like to help me water the plants and put out new chalk at the blackboard?" she asked.

Soon the bell rang and the children took their seats. First they sang their "Good Morning Song" then Miss Jackson read a verse from the 67th Psalm that they were memorizing. After a prayer and another song the children started their work.

Joey worked very hard on his handwriting and then while the other children started to read his eyes became so heavy he just couldn't keep them open. He fell sound asleep.

When lunch time came the teacher shook him gently to awaken him but he kept right on sleeping. Soon Mr. Black, the minister and friend of the children at the mission school, came to visit them. He tried to awaken Joey but he couldn't either. He even bathed Joey's face in cold water but Joey kept right on sleeping.

"I think I should take Joey to see Dr. Simons," said Mr. Black. Carefully he lifted Joey and carried him to the car. Then away they went over bumpy roads. Even the bumps didn't awaken Joey.

Dr. Simons was surprised to see Mr. Black and sleeping Joey. He laid Joey on the table in his office and tried to awaken him. Dr. Simons tried different medicines and treatments but Joey just slept on and on. Finally, Dr. Simons gave him a shot in the arm. That was the right thing to do for soon Joey's eyelids began to flutter and he awoke.

Wash day on the porch of an Alabama home

"Where am I?" asked Joey as he sat up on the table. Then Mr. Black told him what had happened.

"Did you fall?" asked Dr. Simons for he thought perhaps he had hurt himself by falling earlier in the day.

"No, I didn't fall," answered Joey. After much questioning Dr. Simons found out that Joey hadn't had enough to eat. Then he opened his bag and gave Joey a package of pills to take each day.

"Pills won't be enough," said Dr. Simons. It was then that Mr. Black suggested he bring along a basket of groceries for Joey's family and try to find some work for Joey's Dad.

"You see, Joey," went on Mr. Black,

"some friends up north who love Jesus sent money, toys, and medicine so that we could help care for you."

"You mean the children up north love Big Brother, Jesus, too?" asked Joey.

"Yes, Joey, and they sent us to help you learn about Him and to help care for you," answered Dr. Simons.

Then Mr. Black and Joey, together with a basket of groceries and the vitamin pills, got in the car and drove off to Joey's home. It looked like Joey would have something else to eat besides raw sweet potatoes for a few days because some people up north remembered that Jesus had said, "Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me."

Program

Why not a "Story-Hour" around a simulated campfire? Use lighted electric bulbs, over which is placed red crepe paper and a few sticks. Or, a real fireplace (its warmth and glow will still be good in April) makes an inspiring setting for any story teller. Select carefully your teller(s) of tales. Choose stories that best suit your group, from this issue of *Missionary Horizons* and other sources (See back cover and Lit. Dept.) More than you can use, so recommend some of the stories for home reading. All ages, of either sex, will find this type of presentation effective, if naturally, zealously executed.

Into the Story-Hour circle may casually

Suggestions

stroll several "students from other lands" (Make believe students, if real ones not available from nearby college or university), to be interviewed by someone in circle (pre-planned, of course). The dialogue (pp. 395, 396) may be given dramatically. And, enlist two small boys for conversation in story (pp. 406, 407), while adult leader fills in with explanatory statements, leading from one bit of conversation to the next.

Incidentally, manage to place *family* copy of this issue of *Missionary Horizons* in prominent spot in living room, for even Junior will be intrigued by stories of "Joey"—"Old Windy"—"The Curious One."

Everybody Loves A Story

THE BELLS RING

By AGNES RUTH BOND,
Wheelock Academy, Millerton, Oklahoma

ONE, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten taps the rising bell rings and it is 6:30 A.M.—time for the 95 Indian girls at Wheelock to get up and prepare themselves and clean their rooms before breakfast at 7:15. Some may have details in the kitchen and dining room. If so, they will report before breakfast.

One, two, three, that's three taps, 7:00, so they must hurry because in fifteen minutes the girls will start marching into the dining room. Each girl has a place. She finds it and joins the others in singing grace. This is likely the one they will sing at breakfast:

Father hear our morning prayer,
Jesus keep us in thy care;
All we do and all we say,
Will thou be with us today, Amen.

After breakfast the girls will report to the details assigned them for a period of six weeks. The details may range from sweeping sidewalks, cleaning the school building, assisting the nurse, helping in the kitchen, dining room, little girls' office, to cleaning the Principal's office. When the details are done and checked by the matrons and officers the girls get ready for school.

One tap will call all of them into the school building for a regular day of studies. In school the girls get a good foundation in subjects that are taught in public schools and have access to various opportunities not offered in public schools. The girls participate in clubs, physical education activities, piano lessons, educational films and trips that supplement their education.

One, two, three taps, 11:45 A.M., and this time it means the girls will return to the dormitory and tidy up for lunch. They repeat the same procedure as before breakfast except that the lunch and dinner grace go something like this:

God, O, gracious, kind and good;

Thank thee for our daily food, Amen.

With lunch over the girls have some free time for relaxation. They listen to the radio on the cheerfully furnished sun porch, and read the daily newspaper. At 1:00 P.M. the girls will return to the school building and remain there until 4:00 P.M.

After school there will be activities such as basketball, volley ball and soccer—truly an hour of fun and enjoyment for all. By this time the girls are ready for the evening meal so at another tap of the faithful

Agnes Ruth Bond wearing a costume which the women of Tama made for her when she worked in the Tama, Iowa, Mission last summer

bell the girls return to the dormitory. There is another period of relaxation, after the evening meal, before the girls return to the school building for Bible study. The Bible studies are from 7:00-8:00 P.M. They are conducted by grades. For instance, one evening the seventh and eighth grades meet and the next evening the fourth and the fifth grades may meet. The different grades have a workbook in which they are instructed. However, at the beginning of school while we were awaiting our order of books, an assignment was made to the seventh and eighth grades to read the Twenty-third Psalm several times then write their own interpretation of the psalm. I did not know just what to expect but I would like to share with you one of the interpretations that was found on my desk:

MY VERSION OF 23RD PSALM

The Lord is my "Great Father" who knows my every need. I call Him "Great Father," for he made me and everything else. He gives me a roof under which I eat, drink and sleep. He restoreth my soul. Although Satan's people try to hurt me and make me feel unhappy, but I am not troubled, because He is with me. I cannot see Him, but I know he is near, like the breeze which we cannot see but can feel. Some day it may be very soon. He is coming for me and I will go with Him and stay where there is happiness and joy forever and ever.

The bell rings 8:45 P.M.—lights out, so a day comes to a close at Wheelock.

God Was Their Refuge

By JAMES E. RYBERG,

Editor of the National Lutheran and former Secretary of the Department of Inter-Church Aid and Service to Refugees of the World Council of Churches in Geneva, Switzerland

It was Sunday morning, and the church bell called the faithful to worship. Soft white snowflakes sifted lazily through the crisp January air, adding a fresh white cover to the pine-dotted Bavarian hills.

From its tiny cupola atop the wooden church, the clear notes of the former locomotive bell spurred the worshipers on as, dressed in their "Sunday-best," the residents of refugee Camp Schafhof walked with hurried steps the short quarter-mile from their barrack homes.

Yes, this was Sunday in a refugee community of 2,800 former residents of German Silesia, a God-fearing people who fled from ancestral homes now hidden far behind the Iron Curtain in the Soviet Zone.

They were coming to this plain, unadorned church to worship God—to thank Him for their preservation, to pray for His help in building a better life.

The church was not large, but it would seat 300. Of simple design, it had windows of clear glass set just beneath the eaves. Inside, the altar, set against one wall, was hand-carved by the loving hands of skilled craftsmen. The pews, carefully sanded from common 2 x 4's, were placed in a semi-circle facing the altar.

Freshly-scrubbed, rosy-cheeked youngsters, black-kerchiefed women, and fur-hatted men sat quietly in the pews, waiting for the bell to end its inviting call. Then, the little hand-pumped organ in the rear and the choir chorded the opening sentence for the day, and the service began.

Rich voices joined next in a wonderful, spine-tingling hymn of their

Silesian homeland: "Schoenster Herr Jesu," or "Beautiful Savior, King of Creation." As they sang this Volkslied, first printed in 1677, a far-away look crept into many eyes. Some wiped a tear, others dabbed a nose, but all sang with love and passion.

The pastor announced his sermon from Luke 2:41-52, the account of the 12-year-old Jesus in the Temple. He read his text from a hundred-year-old family Bible, carried out of the East during his 1945 flight from Silesia.

Expanding his theme, the pastor reminded his listeners, "God once asked Adam, 'Where are you?'" and he emphasized that ever since Adam's fall into sin, God has continued to seek and to save men.

He pointed to an example, vividly fresh in the minds of many of his hearers. Like Mary and Joseph in the text, as parents, they too had sought after children, lost during their 1945 flight to safety in the West. Often they had called, "Beloved Hans, little Gretchen, where are you?"

Again, the pastor pointed to the miracle of the church in which they worshiped that morning. This house of God had been provided by the Almighty, so that He could continue to seek their hearts. Christian love had moved the hearts of the foreign Christians, unknown but to God, who provided the funds so that this church and many others like it could be built; war-damaged ones repaired.

God had truly been with them, the pastor stressed, through difficult years, and He would ever be ready to guide and to help, today and tomorrow. Just as "Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man," so, too, could they grow in grace and wisdom, and in knowledge of His love, because His Church is Christ's body, doing His

(Continued on Page 433)

Peoples from distress areas, who are now finding haven in free countries throughout the world, will benefit from funds collected through the 1954 "One Great Hour of Sharing" united appeal for relief, rehabilitation and reconstruction, to be held in thousands of American churches Sunday, March 26. The United Presbyterian Church joins in this annual project.

March, 1954

Impressions Of A Visitor To The Sudan

By MARION VAN HORNE, Director of Youth Work, Reformed Church in America

COME to the South Sudan if you wish adventure, excitement, a different way of life, and a growing sense of the world mission of the church! Although I have been out of the States barely two weeks, New York with its bustle and hurry seems very remote.

I have had a constant series of new experiences since coming to this land and can truthfully say that Africa has all but overwhelmed me! I thought I was prepared for what I would see but I wasn't. Neither the land nor the people have fitted into the neat little categories where I had hoped to place them. These people are primitive beyond anything one can imagine. Yet they are friendly and one is drawn to them.

Last week I spent four and one-half days on a British Province boat, traveling a distance of about 200 miles from Malakal to Akobo. We had hoped to get through to Pibor but the river was blocked with grass. Margaret Anderson accompanied me from Malakal to Nasir and I'll always be grateful to her, not only for her company but also for the interpreting she did for me. I had so many questions that at times I am sure she must have grown weary answering them. We were the only white people aboard a boat, carrying nearly 200 people. Most of them were on an open barge which rode the water directly to the side and a little to the front of us. They were jammed in together like cattle. They cooked,

Excerpt from a personal letter Miss Wilma Minter, of the U. P. Christian Education Department, received from Miss Marion Van Horne. Written October 26, 1953 during Miss Van Horne's visit to the South Sudan where the United Presbyterian Church and Reformed Church work together. (See names of Reformed Church missionaries in Directory on last page of this Magazine.)

Marion
Van Horne



slept and ate on the open deck so all their activities were directly visible to us. At times the smells, the filth, the dirt and the flies were a little hard to take.

I have been grateful for my visits to all of our national mission fields, particularly for my stay in Mexico, for at least a foundation had been laid for my Africa experiences.

From Nasir on, I was joined by the Eksters, our new RCA missionaries going back to Akobo. I don't think I've ever seen a happier or more congenial group of missionaries than those I have met in the South Sudan. They are all sacrificing tremendously—yet one never hears a word of complaint. The work is hard and discouraging and the results are meager, compared to all the effort and prayer expended—yet all are joyous and confident that in due time God will give the increase. Somehow, a trip like this makes one feel terribly *little*. It must take a tremendous amount of faith to surmount all the adjustments one has to make in this land. The heat alone would be enough to floor me. Day after day, the temperature soars up in the hundreds with the humidity equally high.

HOW DEEP DOES THE LORD WORK IN YOU?

"The deeper you allow the Lord to work in you, the deeper you'll see Him working in those about you." (Words of an African Christian in Uganda, quoted in a circle letter from Marian Farquhar, South Sudan)

NEWS FROM AFAR

Ethiopia

MRS. RUTH LOBAUGH WALKER, Editor, Addis Ababa, Ethiopia

SHORA

This picture is that of our one Mission-reared lad to go with the troops to Korea. He is known to us as Shora who came to the Mission in Sayo when he was a very small boy and attended our school there until a few years ago when he went up to Addis Ababa for the higher grades. Shora is one of the very few young men brave enough to take his stand for Christ and unite with the church; most other young men will make no profession until they are married, or engaged to be married. The excuse given is that they dare not take communion, for to fall into sin after one has been a communicant endangers the soul the more. We have been proud of the step which Shora felt he could take and know it is an encouragement to others. I want to quote some bits from his letter, received some time ago from him in Korea: "We have been on the front line for two months. Two days ago we had hard fighting. Here in Korea I am weapon platoon leader. I think the

people of Korea are Christians. I am trying to find out. Some of the American officers we deal with are Christians and we have nice talks together."

Ruth Lobough Walker



Shora beside his "bunker" in Korea

The South Sudan

MRS. A. Mac ROY, Editor, Nasir, Anglo-Egyptian Sudan

ARE THE HEATHEN HAPPY AS THEY ARE?

(Note: This is the kind of article all missionaries say they are going to write sooner or later. So I am doing it now. Don't think this is anything but the stark truth, in fact, I *could* make a "better story" out of it than this.")

"But what I can't understand is why you missionaries want to come and upset these peoples' thinking. They are perfectly happy the way they are." This is exactly what a

man on a post boat here in the Sudan said to me one time and the more I tried to point out to him that they are not happy just as they are the more he was convinced that I was slightly crazy.

I dare say though that some even of you who will read this may not, deep down in your hearts, honestly believe that the necessity for foreign missions is of first importance. I am not blaming you for not realizing our call and duty to spread the Good News of Jesus' salvation to *all* the world, but if you are one of these

who thinks there is enough to be done at home that we do not actually need to go all out for missions won't you study the words of Jesus Himself in Matt. 28:19, 20?

As for the heathen being happy the way they are—listen to some of these examples of life in heathenism. We see the physical results of sin and degradation in the clinic in a more startling way sometimes than others whose work is along the lines of intellectual pursuits. A woman comes into the clinic and complains of a backache. She was here three or four months ago. We take a look at her back. It is covered with old scars from where she has been cut and among the old ones are several open new cuts. "But why didn't you come to us before doing such a foolish thing as cutting yourself?" She didn't come because she is a heathen woman and her thinking is so twisted that she no longer is able to reason something like this out.

Under the big tree in front of our clinic lies a young girl. When we see her and ask what is wrong we are shown hands and feet that are down to the bones with huge ulcers—not a very pretty picture to either see in the flesh or even think about. What caused such terrific things? Her father had tied her hands and feet together and put her out in the sun because of a fuss with her husband and none of the neighbors or the rest of the family were brave enough or cared enough to dare the wrath of the father to help the girl. Why? Because heathen people do not care for another person if it is an inconvenience to themselves and certainly not

if it may mean real trouble.

I was shocked and said to the mother and brother who were with her, "But couldn't either one of you have done anything?" No, they couldn't. Because they were heathen and didn't care, till too late.

One of the biggest problems in the clinic is getting people to come regularly to get medicine. Many times I have reproached a woman for not bringing her baby, only to have her say, "But I didn't have anyone to take care of the house."

"Where was your husband?"

"Oh, he's gone off on a journey."

And so it goes. That's heathenism. The material possessions are of such importance to them that they cannot afford to think too highly of human life.

Last month one of the clinic boys had a long siege of illness. I was asking his friend if he got regular food. The friend said that he did sometimes and sometimes he didn't. I then asked him why his wife couldn't cook for him.

"Oh, that isn't our custom at all. She has just been married and it wouldn't do for her to cook for her husband."

The reason is that she is a heathen girl who cares nothing for the Lord Jesus and therefore lives only according to the customs of her fathers.

In the light of these few examples and thousands of similar ones which you can find for yourself in any missionary book, is it not obvious that the heathen are *not* happy the way they are and are in desperate need of a Saviour?

Jean Maxwell, R.N.

Pakistan and India

MRS. JOHN D. HARKNESS, Editor, Sargodha, Pakistan

VISIT TO LEPER ASYLUM

Here in Rawalpindi there is a Leper Asylum under the supervision of the Sialkot Mission of the United Presbyterian Church. I do not have the supervision, but I have visited it a number of times.

Some thirty-eight years ago in my first camp in Gurdaspur District we encamped under a large mango tree. The tree was part of a large, dense grove. I learned to recognize these trees even from a distance, because they are shaped like a dome. After

visiting the Taj Mahal, at Agra, I knew where the architect had gotten his idea for this beautiful mausoleum. I have often seen a mango growing between two stately date-palm trees.

One evening Dr. David Gordon asked me to go with him to call on people encamped on the other side of the grove. This proved to be a large camp of lepers. I don't think that I have ever seen anything to compare to the squalor of these people. I mean squalor, dirt, neglect and wretchedness, which cannot be described. At Shanti Niwaz there is evident leprosy, but the place and the men and women are clean, they have dignity and joy. They are encouraged to have gardens and most of them have chickens. It is in truth Shanti Niwaz, which is a place where dignity and peace is cherished.

There is a Home for untainted children at the Asylum. There older boys and girls attend the mission schools in the city. They, with the younger children, attend the services of our city congregation. They are members of the Junior and Young Women's Missionary societies. The last time I

was there was to attend the Presbyterian Rally of the YWMS.

This was a well-planned program, devotionals, business and Bible-reading and temperance contests. Someone from each society received prizes, and the Shanti Niwaz girls took two, one first and a second. Tea was served instead of supper because the Campbellpur girls wanted to return home that evening. Campbellpur is fifty-eight miles from Pindi.

Dr. McCauley is the doctor and he has been in the Asylum for years. He has reached the age of 70 and there needs to be a young man to take his place. Pray that a well-qualified man who is zealous and a consecrated Christian may be called to take up this difficult work. We know that God is able to send workers into each of His harvest fields no matter how difficult they may be.

Just now, Mr. C. A. Stewart, who has charge of the Asylum, is in India attending a conference of workers among lepers from all over the world. May the work for lepers be greatly advanced because of this conference.

Margaret Fehlman

The North Sudan

MRS. LEANDER FINLEY, Editor, Omdurman, The North Sudan

NEW HORIZONS IN THE SUDAN

Six noisy teen-aged girls were collected in a mud room. Some of them were newly married, others were looking forward to the wedding which they hope is just around the next corner. The Bible Woman was distributing books, pencils, and notebooks, collecting the money for them and giving instructions about what she would expect from the girls for their first lesson.

In one corner of the room, silently listening with a serious face and watching the noisy group, sat a young woman possibly in her early thirties. She had married early and now her little family was partly grown. After watching the laughing, chattering

girls for some time, she turned to me and asked, "Ya, Sitt. Can an old woman like me learn?"

I replied, "Of course, you can learn. First of all, you are not old and anyone who really wants to learn, can learn if she is sufficiently diligent."

She turned again to watch the lesson being given.

Finally she turned to me and said, "Ya Sitt, our men are going places and we want to go with them."

And if we go with them we will have to learn."

Is it the dawning of a new day in the Sudan?

A very small, but significant beginning.

Mary E. Coie

Egypt

MRS. W. J. SKELLIE, Editor, Assiut, Egypt

Miss Eloise Crabbe, short-term teacher at the P.M.I., assigned her class to write "friendly letters." We quote the letter written by Amgad Ghobriel, inasmuch as it presents a "youth project" of Egypt.—Editor, Pressly Memorial Institute Assiut, Egypt.

Dear Cousin:

I am very glad to write to you something about the volunteer society. This society is composed of thirty girls and seven teachers. This group of people has to be ready in the subject which they are going to talk about in their meetings on Sunday afternoon. So the head of this society takes the girls of the boarding department in the Sunday School and explains to them the subject which they are going to speak about and tells them two or three stories to make it clearer to the children.

The volunteers go on Sunday afternoon to many different places but I go to a little village near Assiut with a teacher and there we two hold a Sunday School meeting in the Evangelical Church of this village. The minister of this church is very glad to have us hold a meeting in his church. So his daughter helps us by collecting the children. We have in our meeting nearly seventeen girls

and fourteen boys. We usually begin our meeting by reading the names and seeing who is absent because every three weeks we are giving pictures to those who come regularly. After reading the names we teach them a little song and sing it with them. We pray and tell them the story or explain it to them with pictures. At the end we pray the Lord's Prayer and return home.

From this society also, three girls are chosen to pray every Sunday with the teacher to ask God's help for this society and the poor people in the meetings. These three girls also hold a meeting for the washer woman two times a week and every girl from the three has to do a month. They have also to keep the order in the girls' meeting in the garden and they must keep the girls quiet.

The girls' meeting is made by the volunteer girls. They are three times a week. The volunteer girls are from some of the boarding girls from second, third, fourth and fifth secondary.

This is all that I can say about the volunteers society and I hope that you will understand it and pray for this society.

Your loving friend,

Amgad Ghobriel

The 1954 Red Cross appeal will take place during March. The 1952-53 Red Cross Service Story indicates that 1 among every 6 persons in the United States received some kind of Red Cross assistance or training; that 1 among every 38 families was helped; that 1 out of 2 hospitals received blood donated through Red Cross for treatment of ill or injured servicemen, veterans, and civilians. President Eisenhower said in his 1953 Red Cross Convention speech, "We find the Red Cross on duty everywhere... always true to the belief that people, and only people, matter."

President's Page

"I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth." (Psalm 121:1, 2.) The beautiful Northwest abounds in God's natural beauties. He speaks to us in stately pines and bubbling streams. In hilltop experiences we hear His voice, "Be still and know that I am God."

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters." (Psalm 23:2.) From these valleys again comes the message of Jesus as He spoke in parables which mean much to us who live so close to nature.

"I am the vine, ye are the branches, he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit, for without me, ye can do nothing." To bear fruit a Christian's life must be abiding, obedient and surrendered to the cleansing power of Christ.

"Create within me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." Abide in God, go often to Him in prayer. Prayer is the golden key that unlocks all the storehouses of God's grace, which are opened by men and women on their knees.

Seek God's will and be obedient to His call. Study God's word, for it is the traveler's map, the pilgrim's staff, the pilot's compass, the soldier's sword and the Christian's charter. Let us take God's word unto ourselves for it contains light to direct us, food to support us and comfort to cheer us.

We would serve Thee, Lord, what is Thy will for each of us?

"Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God with all thy heart and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. . . . Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness."

Take our feet and guide them in the way of peace, keep them straight lest that which is lame be turned out of the way. Keep our hands clean and our hearts pure that we may be worthy to serve Thee. "Let the words of our mouths and the meditations of our hearts be acceptable in thy sight."

Take our lives and consecrate them, Lord, to Thee. Use us, Lord, in our homes as we go about our daily work of mother, wife and homemaker. Fill us with Thy love, and strengthen our faith to do our part in the work of the WGMS, in the fulfillment of the Great Commission to go and teach all nations.

Fill me, Lord, with zeal for service,

Humble though my task may be,

In the field, the shop or kitchen,

Help me work as unto Thee.

Thou alone dost know the future,

'Tis Thy will I seek to do,

As I yield myself, my talents,

To Thy cause, Lord, keep me true.

Ida M. Yoder.

Mrs. Jack Craig,

Second Vice President, 1954 WGMS Convention

March, 1954



2 new subscriptions—\$2.00
21417 renewals—\$1.50 each

Editorials

NO MAGIC CARPET

Opening a new book, especially if it wears a colorful jacket and bears an enchanting title, is always an adventure. Books of all types, from the best to the worst, may have these two characteristics. What is found inside the covers makes all the difference.

This morning while commuting to 906 Publication Building, a good book prepared the way for a happy day. The title, *No Magic Carpet*, superimposed on a colorful, Oriental-setting cover, had led me to select it as my "bus-companion" from among other publisher review-books.

With the author, Helen Elaine Bricker, I was soon flying over distant Eastern lands, looking down upon "Queen Fujiyama of the picture-book country of Japan"—meeting an ex-head-hunter in Formosa—greeting Dr. Ida Scudder at Vellore, India on her 82nd birthday, and seeing her smile as she said, "I love India," then wistfully, "there's so much to do."

I began wondering about the author. There was her picture on the back of the book jacket. An attractive young woman who had been sent by the Young People's Societies in Canada as one of five Canadian delegates to the Third World Conference of Christian Youth, in Travancore.

She wrote, "No magic carpet appeared on my doorstep; no turbaned sultan knocked upon my door and bade me mount his Persian rug; but it was almost the only thing that *didn't* happen." To Miss Bricker the air cruise over pagodas and minarets, and the four-month visit to the Far East mission stations of her denomination (Canadian Presbyterian), were even better than a magic-carpet tour, for she visited the people in their homes, went with the missionaries in their Christian ministry.

One illustration of her unforgettable word-imagery: "She (India) wears the garb of an Oriental queen. On her head she flaunts the white tiara of the snow-capped Himalayas. Her rich sari is patterned in the silken green and gold of her fertile central plain. Her jewelry is the tarnished silver of her great northern rivers. Her throne is the high wind-swept plateau of the south. Beneath her feet are the sands of the southern shore, its waving palms and lush green carpet. Her charms are irresistible. . . ." Beautiful description, yet Miss Bricker's great concern is for the *people*, for she learned that one person in every six in the whole world lives in an Indian village—hard-working, illiterate, subsisting on meager furnishings of food, clothing and shelter.

Yes, a bus ride may be richly rewarding if one is lucky enough to find a vacant seat and has a good book. Incidentally, *No Magic Carpet* is published by McClelland and Stewart, Ltd., Toronto, Canada. 116 pages. \$3.00. May be ordered from U.P. Book Store.

SPECIAL CLUB-RATE OFFER

Two specific facts must be remembered concerning the annual club-rate offer for subscriptions to *Missionary Horizons*:

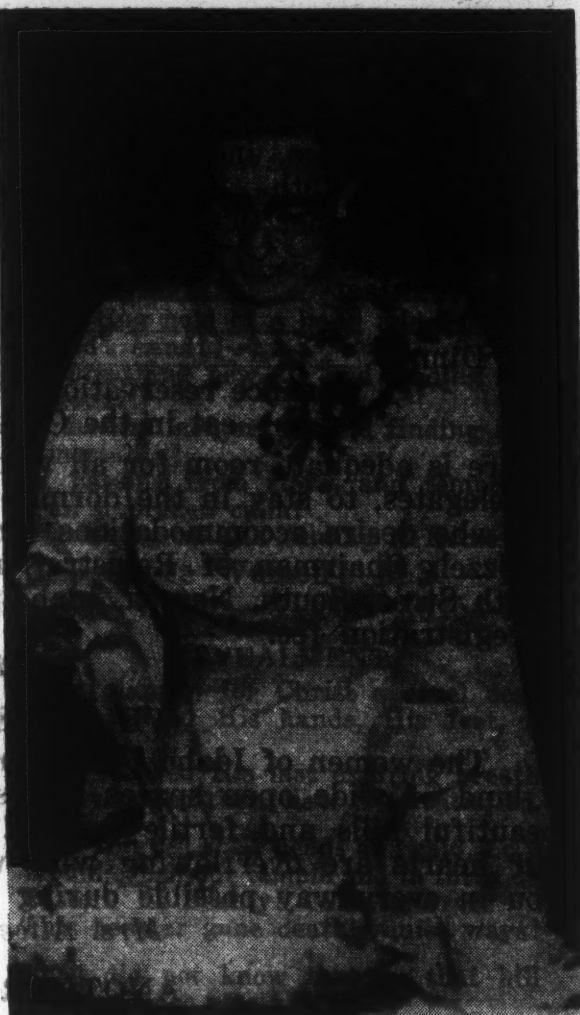
1. Offer is for three months only, April, May, and June! Do not request, nor send them during any other time.
2. Club rate is for *new* subscriptions only! The purpose is obviously to introduce the magazine to men, women and young people who have not been reading it. It is impossible to accept renewals at this low rate.



5 new subscriptions—\$6.00
All renewals—\$1.50 each

**Pakistan
Missionary
Honored
on
Her
Birthday**

Miss Marian T. Peterson, on furlough from Pakistan, celebrated her birthday on October 8, at the Kenmore United Presbyterian Church. Dressed in the costume of the land to which she is giving her life as a missionary, she is happily cutting her birthday cake after she had addressed the Kenmore Missionary Society. Miss Peterson is supported by Caledonia Presbyterian and spoke also at the Fall Rally in Buffalo. At the present time Miss Peterson is studying in Biblical Seminary in New York



ATTENTION — WGMS CONVENTION DELEGATES FOR 1954

Investigation of travel to Nampa, Idaho, shows that the rate from Pittsburgh to Nampa and return by rail is \$175.76, tax included. Delegates would leave Pittsburgh June 7th at 8:10 A.M. (Standard time) and reach Chicago at 3:40 P.M. Leaving Chicago at 10:30 P.M., the train arrives at Nampa at 4:25 P.M., on June 9th. This fare includes pullman and lower berth from Chicago. It also uses an economy rate for three (or multiples of 3) travelling together.

Returning east, the train leaves Nampa at 11:20 A.M., June 14th, reaching Chicago at 7:30 A.M., June 16th and Pittsburgh at 9:35 P.M.

Air travel by Northwest Airlines to Spokane, Washington, and West Coast Airlines to Boise, Idaho, will cost \$266.51, tax included. Connections to Boise require several hours stopover in Spokane. No air travel is available the twenty miles from Boise to Nampa.

LENTEN QUOTATIONS

The quotations in italics which head the Department pages are from *Sanctuary*, 1954, yearly Lenten daily devotional readings authored by Charles M. Crowe. 10¢. Abingdon-Cokesbury Press.

ENTERTAINMENT PLANS FOR NAMPA WGMS CONVENTION

Convention meetings at the Northwest Nazarene College,
Nampa, Idaho, June 9-13, 1954

Board and room, including dinner June 9th through evening meal June 13th.....	\$19.50
Lunch and dinner tickets for entire Convention.....	10.25
Single meals:	
Breakfast	.75
Lunch	1.00
Dinner	1.25

Advance reservations must be made in order to eat in the College Dining Room.

There is adequate room for all who wish to attend, either as visitors or delegates, to stay in the dormitories.

All who desire accommodations for the Convention write to Mrs. Odey Uzzel, Chairman of Registration and Assignment Committee, 1012 6th Street South, Nampa, Idaho, before April first, and enclose \$2.00 registration fee.

Mrs. W. D. Millen, Publicity Chairman

WELCOME TO IDAHO

The women of Idaho Presbyterial welcome you to our state. Idaho, a land of wide open spaces and sparse population! Idaho, a land of beautiful hills and fertile valleys! Although we are few in numbers our hearts are overflowing with welcome and we are ready to serve you in every way possible during your stay with us.

Mrs. Alice E. Pinkerton, Presbyterial President

ANOTHER WELCOME

Christian friends across the many miles, we, the Local Committee for the 1954 WGMS Convention do heartily welcome you to Nampa on June 9. It is our prayer that each one attending will come to a renewed zeal for missionary effort and an increased love for Christ's work in our mission field. We are expecting you.

Mrs. Ray Chapman, Chairman of Local Committee

AND STILL ANOTHER WELCOME

To each one planning to attend the 1954 WGMS Convention we extend a welcome from the beautiful Boise Valley, the City of Nampa, and the Campus of the Northwest Nazarene College. We hope that your coming to Nampa will be both beneficial and inspirational to you. We are making every effort to plan a truly helpful Convention.

Mrs. W. D. Millen, Publicity Chairman

A FAR-AWAY ECHO

And now—"Tiny Tim" (your Editor), having spent ten happy years in the Nampa manse, adds that the hospitality of the Idaho people is just as real as the above welcomes indicate. The Nampa congregation is a worthy example of "church union"—United Presbyterians and Presbyterians, who a few years ago sensed the advantages of a united witness in a locality where competition would have been stifling to each. Growth in numbers and in opportunities for Christian service evidence God's blessing on this union. And, we shall be surprised if, when you are in Nampa, you can tell who had once been Presbyterians, who United Presbyterians, so satisfactory has the union been!

PRESBYTERIAL MEMORIAL SERVICE, 1953

Not long ago over the radio, in our churches, in the open air, everywhere Christians were singing such stirring Easter choruses as "He lives! He lives!" (*quote chorus*).

What more appropriate time for paying tribute to our departed friends than the glad post-Easter season, which comes often in the month of April!

ONE APRIL DAY

"Who could be sad in April
When spring's green surging sea
Is breaking into crested waves
On every flowering tree?

"The lonely waiting seed
Throws off its seamless coat,
And mirthful songs are trembling
In every lyric throat.

"I know one April day
When in agony Christ died;
But on another April day
He arose, glorified!"

(From the Messiah)—"I know, I know, I know that my Redeemer liveth! And BECAUSE He lives, And because HE lives, And because HE LIVES, I, too, I, TOO, SHALL LIVE!"

Quote Rev. 21:3, 4.

Psalm 116:15—"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

Music—Viola Sextet. "Cleanse Me."

The Angel of Death called one or more from six of our societies during 1952. In planning this program it seemed fitting that each of these societies should have a direct part in this service. Therefore, I shall name the society and introduce its representative, who will give you the name(s) of member(s) listed on our Memorial Honor Roll, the date of death of each, a short passage of

"I have never seen any better Memorial Service anywhere," wrote Mrs. W. J. Adair, in requesting that it be printed in "Missionary Horizons." Perhaps Presbyterials planning their Spring Conventions may find it adaptable as they plan similar services. Miss Estelle Dougherty of Sterling, Kansas authored the service. Names of participants have been included, thus giving "honor to whom honor is due." Poem selections that are found in most libraries are not quoted.—Editor.

March, 1954

Scripture, and place a flower on the memorial pillow.

1. Hopewell Women's M.S.—Mrs. Ralph Treaster—John 14:1-8—

HEAVEN

"Think of stepping on shore and finding it Heaven!
Of taking hold of a hand and finding it God's hand!
Of breathing new air and finding it celestial!
Of feeling invigorated and finding it immortality!
Of passing from storm and tempest to an unbroken calm!
Of waking up and finding it Home!"

2. Jetmore Women's M.S.—Mrs. Forrest Wilson—I Cor. 15:54-57—

REVEALMENT

"They planned for Christ a cruel death;
Steel pierced His hands, His feet, His side;
They mocked His last expiring breath
And thought their hate was satisfied.

"They wagged their heads and said, Lo, He Would crush our temple and in three days Restore its beauty! Come and see This boaster gone death's quiet ways!

"They did not know that on that hill Eternal Love was satisfied;
That Christ, who hung there, triumphed still
And only cruel Death had died!"

3. Newton Women's M.S.—Mrs. C. Connor—I Thes. 4:13, 14.

From Whittier's *Snowbound*:

"Alas, for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees;" (*continue quoting next 7 lines*)

4. Stafford Women's M.S.—Mrs. Frank Ball—Romans 6:8, 23—

THE MARCH OF MORTALITY

"Over the hills of Time to the valley of endless years,
Over the roads of woe to the land that is free from tears,
Up from the haunts of men to a place where the angels are—
This is the march of mortality to a wonderful goal afar!

"Back of the strife for gain and under the toil for fame,
The dreams of men in this mortal march have ever remained the same.
They have lived through their days and years for the great rewards to be
When earth's dusty garb shall be laid aside for the robes of eternity."

5. Sterling Hannah Heasty Women's M.S.—Mrs. R. E. Wyatt—1 John 3:1-3. From "Thanatopsis" by Bryant.

"So live that when they summons comes to join" (quote to end of poem)

6. Viola Women's M.S.—Mrs. J. C. Porter—John 11:25, 26

LIFE FROM DEATH

"The lily dies not when both flower and leaf

Fade and are strewed upon the ground.
Gone down for shelter to its mother
Earth,

'Twill rise again and shed its fragrance
'round.

"Thus, in the quiet joy of kindly trust,
We bid each parting saint farewell;
Weeping, yet smiling, we commit their
dust
To the safe keeping of the silent cell.

"For the day of re-appearing, how it
speeds!

He who is true and faithful speaks the
word

And we shall be again with those we
love,

Then we shall dwell forever with the
Lord."

Thus do we pay tribute to those
who have gone just a few steps ahead
of us into that glorious land of eter-
nal day!

Every part of our demonstration
has a special significance: The names
as they appear on this man-made
scroll are forever written in the
Lamb's Book of Life, where ours, too,
may be. The glow of the candles rep-
resents the searchlight of God's
Word shining into our inmost heart,

cleansing us and directing our steps
aright. The greenery back of the
planned numerical design suggests
that eternal life is freely offered to
"whosoever will" believe. The gold
center and the pure white petals of
our simple daisies symbolize the great
value God places on each human soul
and the robe of righteousness to be
donned by each redeemed one who
has been washed and cleansed by the
precious blood of the Lamb, slain for
the remission of our sins.

May the firm faith, sure hope, and
real peace expressed in this last bit
of poetry be the possession of each
of us when we, too, shall come to
the final "Crossing of The Bar":
(quote entire poem, by Tennyson)

Taps, played by a Viola High
School boy (offstage, softly).

Memorial Prayer—Mrs. W. J.
Adair.

* * *

At the beginning Mrs. Merwin
Jones played softly while Miss Ethel
McKean lighted the candles and Miss
Jean Byall carried the plate of
daisies, prepared for placing in the
numbers "52." Music was continued
until the leader and Mrs. Adair, and
those representing the several soci-
eties took their places on the plat-
form and the front seats. Daisies
were wired to pointed sticks, spe-
cially designed for insertion into the
pillow. Miss Estelle Dougherty, the
leader, Misses Ethel McKean and
Jean Byall, and Mrs. Merwin Jones
all represented the Janet Nesbitt
Women's Missionary Society of Ster-
ling; Mrs. Adair, on furlough in
Sterling, is a member of the Hannah
Heasty Society.

PLEASE FORGIVE THE ERROR

Missionary Horizons, January, 1954, p. 273. Caption should have
read: "Dr. and Mrs. William Harvey and family. Standing L. to R.: Nancy
Martin, niece of Mrs. Harvey, and the two daughters of Dr. and Mrs.
Harvey. Lulu (in center) is Mrs. L. H. Birbari of Monmouth, Illinois.
The other is Jessie who died about 35 years ago."

THIS AND THAT FROM HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE



► WARNS AGAINST "BIBLE COMICS."

So-called Bible comics that concentrate on violent incidents mentioned in the Scriptures come in for sharp censure in the current issue of the denominational magazine, *Presbyterian Action*. Writing as a Christian educator and mother of four, Clare Adel Schreiber declares that small children "may imbibe a great deal of horror and fear" rather than the moral intended from graphic depictions of the Crucifixion and other scenes of physical violence, and she warns against their indiscriminate use in Sunday

School and home. Moreover, unless Bible comics are carefully planned and integrated with widely accepted teaching programs, she says, "we add to the child's confusion by giving him isolated Bible stories entirely out of context and foreign to his limited experience."

Children should learn that the Bible is not just another story book, declares the article, which is one of a series commissioned by the National Council of Churches' Division of Christian Education.

► "CHRISTIAN WITH RESPECT TO RACE RELATIONS"—An American Protestant leader, just returned from an extended Christmas visit to American troops in Korea and Japan, has urged U.S. church groups to undertake a continuous letter-writing campaign to their members in the armed forces, and to encourage relatives and friends of the servicemen to write more often. Bishop William C. Martin, president of the 30-denomination National Council of Churches, said in New York this week that "mail-call is a big event in a soldier's daily routine" and frequent letters "keep a man at his best."

The Bishop, who travelled to the Far East as spiritual emissary of 147,000 local Protestant and Orthodox churches embraced by the Council, observed that he was "impressed" by the success of racially integrated troops in the Army, Navy, Air Force and Marines. Racial segregation no longer is practiced in the U.S. armed forces.

"After all," Bishop Martin remarked, "it would seem rather inconsistent for one American to say to another, 'You are good enough to die with me but not good enough to eat with me.'"

Noting that the chaplains and commanding officers of whom he inquired reported that racial integration is working well, the Bishop declared: "I thought to myself many times, as you have done, 'Some day, all over America, by the grace of God, we shall be as Christian with respect to race relations in other areas of our national life as we are in the armed services.'"

► SARAH CHAKKO "BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH" ON WORLD DAY OF PRAYER—When 20,000 groups throughout the world meet for the observance of the World Day of Prayer on March 5, many of them will use the service prepared by Miss Chakko on the theme, "That They May Have Life" from John 10:10.

Her death of a heart attack in Lucknow, India, in late January, has brought sorrow to many who knew her or admired the Christian personality and activities of this talented woman.

Her name has been known throughout the world, not only as belonging to the president of the Isabella Thoburn Christian College for Women, and a former vice president of the World's YWCA, but more recently as one of the six presidents of the World Council of Churches, the only woman ever to hold such a position.

► **PORTION OF A LETTER FROM MISS MARY JANE CAMPBELL, SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA**—“My heartiest congratulations on the splendid January number of *Missionary Horizons*. Even though devoted to India where I worked for 46 years, I am proud of our sister Mission, Egypt, now reaching its 100th anniversary. Truly it has done a marvelous work! I am so happy the way it keeps going even in these troublous days. The President, Naguib, thinks highly of it, from all we see in the newspapers. Many in India are turning to Jesus Christ. A friendly spirit between Moslems and Christians is growing every day in old Palestine.”

► **PROTESTANT STATISTICS**—Here are the answers to some questions which you may be asked sometime:

How many U. S. Protestant missionaries are serving overseas? In May, 1953, Dr. R. Pierce Beaver, director of the Missionary Research Library reported 18,000, supported by more than 300 U. S. missionary agencies.

How much money is spent annually for mission work? For administration and operation of programs around the world, including evangelism, education, health, social welfare, and agricultural improvement, more than \$83,000,000. This includes only funds channeled through missionary agencies, and does not show contributions made directly to missionaries by churches and individuals.

► **DAILY BIBLE READINGS**—The American Bible Society, in encouraging the wider circulation of the Holy Scriptures, publishes a “Bookmark” folder of proposed daily Bible readings for 1954. Send 1¢ for every two copies of “Bible Bookmarks” to American Bible Society (Dept. U) 450 Park Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.



An elderly Navajo woman thanks Mr. Mason McCamb for his gift of the well. Although her gratitude had to be expressed in words through the interpreter, her gracious spirit was readily understood. They are standing in front of the Oljato trading post. (See story, “Water for Thirsty Navajos,” p. 335, February *Missionary Horizons*.)

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822. Mrs. Lucy I. Berg, Berkeley, Calif. By members of Association, St. Paul's Church, in appreciation.

823. Miss Lucile Batdorf, Oakland, Calif. By a friend.

824. Mrs. John Smith, Oakland, Calif. By her husband.

825. Mrs. Frank R. Trimmingham, Oakland, Calif. By a friend.

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827. Miss Elsie P. Tatham, Oakland, Calif. By a friend.

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852. Mrs. Sue Johnson, Verona, Pa. By Margaret Booth.

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854. Rev. C. Kenneth Weber, Elizabeth, Pa. By the Women's Miss. Society.

855. Maude Sutter Wiegand, Elizabeth, Pa. By Norma and Millicent Nevin.

856. Sally Anne Johnson, Irwin, Pa. By her husband, Rev. William D. Johnson.

857. Alma Jane Tosh, Ligonier, Pa. In memory of Mrs. H. H. Smith.

858. Goldie Mae Stark Seese, East McKeesport, Pa. By parents, Mr. & Mrs. A. F. Stark.

859. Mrs. H. A. Young, East McKeesport, Pa. By a friend.

860. Miss Hannah Robertson, Braddock, Pa. By a friend.

861. Mrs. Besse G. Erickson, McKeesport, Pa. By Effie R. Gothart.

862. Mrs. Alice Clark Walter, McKeesport, Pa. By Besse G. Erickson.

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864. Miss Mary L. Campbell, West Newton, Pa. By self.

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872. Miss Rena Sproull, New Kensington, Pa. By a friend.

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874. Mrs. Ella Caldwell, New Kensington, Pa. By Mrs. J. L. Patterson.

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876. Mrs. Dorothy Eberhart, Murrysville, Pa. By Mrs. Charles Thompson.
 877. Mrs. Rosamond Jenkins, Murrysville, Pa. By Mrs. Ellen Nystrom.
 878. Mrs. Lillian McNutt, Dravosburg, Pa. By Miss Janet Pollock.
 879. Mrs. Mary Jones. McKeesport, Pa. By a friend.
 880. Miss Dorothy Pollock, McKeesport, Pa. By her mother.
 881. Miss Mary Farquhar, McKeesport, Pa. By a friend.
 882. Miss Martha B. Wiggins, McKeesport, Pa. By a friend.
 883. Mrs. Ralph Croushore, Greensburg, Pa. By Anna Milligan Mis. Society.
 884. Mrs. L. R. Mahood, Greensburg, Pa. By Miss M. Helen Campbell.
 885. Mrs. Ida Darling, Greensburg, Pa. By Miss Ruth Williamson.
 886. Mrs. John Logidenski, Greensburg, Pa. By Mrs. Samuel N. Warden.
 887. Mrs. R. H. Stewart, Jr., Greensburg, Pa. By Mrs. J. S. Austin.
 888. Miss Lois Keffer, Connellsville, Pa. By the Anna Duncan Mis. Society.
 889. Mrs. J. Murray Thompson, Sr., Turtle Creek, Pa. By her husband.
 890. Miss Clara Louise Graham, Turtle Creek, Pa. By her Grandmother, Mrs. Sara Graham.
 891. Mrs. Emma A. Carpenter, Turtle Creek, Pa. By herself.
 892. Mrs. Twila T. Sampson, Turtle Creek, Pa. By her aunt, Miss Claire Brunner.
 893. Joan Gibson, North Braddock, Pa. By a friend.
 894. Laura Wilson, North Braddock, Pa. By a friend.
 895. Mrs. C. H. Moser, Philadelphia, Pa. By a friend.
 896. Mrs. Mark A. Fitz, Upper Darby, Pa. By Mrs. R. Hummel.
 897. Mrs. John R. Bangs, Upper Darby, Pa. By Mrs. Evan B. Alderfer.
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946. Mrs. E. Marion Geiger, Wilmington, Dela. By Margaret Robinson Bible Class.

947. Mary Anne Browne, Philadelphia, Pa. By George S. Knieriemen.

948. Miss Marguerite D. E. George, Havertown, Pa. In memory of Mrs. Elizabeth Livingston by her three daughters.

949. Miss Isabelle Watson, Havertown, Pa. By Mrs. Norman Pape.

950. Mrs. James Hendrickson, Havertown, Pa. By Miss Isabelle Watson.

951. Miss Dorothy May Stratton, Philadelphia, Pa. By a friend.

952. Miss Doris Steele, Washington, D. C. By the Hazel J. McGeary Circle.

953. Miss Jacqueline Jewitt, Philadelphia, Pa. By Miss Elsie Caddick.

954. Virginia Vance, Coraopolis, Pa. By Mrs. A. E. McClaran.

955. Jan King, Coraopolis, Pa. By Mrs. J. W. Scott.

956. Barbara Lowe, Coraopolis, Pa. By Mrs. Edwin Oellig.

957. Norma Alexander, Coraopolis, Pa. By Mrs. Edwin Oellig.

958. Nancy Helm Hueston, Coraopolis, Pa. By Mrs. Ivin Kiser.

959. Helen McClaran Campbell, Coraopolis, Pa. By Mrs. A. J. Berlin.

960. Esther Harriger Kilgore, Coraopolis, Pa. By

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961. Marian Hughes, Coraopolis, Pa. By Mrs. G. C. Steigerwald.

962. Cynthia Lawton, Coraopolis, Pa. By Mrs. J. S. Moody.

963. Mrs. Laura Benner, Coraopolis, Pa. By Mrs. L. D. Campbell.

964. Mrs. Paul Strohl, Coraopolis, Pa. By Mrs. A. Frank Purdy.

965. Elaine Morgan, Coraopolis, Pa. By Miss Zilpha Irons.

966. Mrs. Harold V. Ritchie, McDonald, Pa. By Mrs. E. L. Ralston and Miss Margaret Ralston.

967. Mrs. Ethel Culotta, Pittsburgh, Pa. By Gillespie Mis. Society, Shadyside Church.

968. Mrs. Margaret Best Von Stetten, McKees Rocks, Pa. By her mother, Mrs. E. P. Best.

969. Mrs. Frank A. Hughey, Pittsburgh, Pa. By Mrs. L. A. Schreiner.

970. Mrs. R. A. Anderson, Pittsburgh, Pa. By a friend.

971. Mrs. I. D. Goodwin, Pittsburgh, Pa. By a friend.

972. Mrs. Robert P. Gibson, Pittsburgh, Pa. By Mother, Mrs. Park E. Gibson.

973. Miss Mae Meneilly, Pittsburgh, Pa. By her mother.

974. Mrs. Vernetta Gaylord, Pittsburgh, Pa. By a friend.

975. Mrs. M. Herman Marmont, Pittsburgh, Pa. By a friend.

976. Mrs. Jean Cooper Polk, Pittsburgh, Pa. By her Grandmother, Mrs. Fleming.

977. Miss Margaret Toepfer, Pittsburgh, Pa. By a friend.

978. Mrs. R. K. Yardumian, Pittsburgh, Pa. By a friend.

979. Mrs. R. W. Ellison, Pittsburgh, Pa. By a friend.

980. Mrs. H. E. Coleman, Pittsburgh, Pa. By a friend.

981. Miss Mary Jane Goodwin, Pittsburgh, Pa. (Anonymous)

982. Mrs. C. J. Sper-

ling, Pittsburgh, Pa. By a friend.

983. Mrs. Nellie Bowler, Pittsburgh, Pa. By a friend.

984. Marian Deichman, Pittsburgh, Pa. By a friend.

985. Mrs. Bert Litschge, Pittsburgh, Pa. By a friend.

986. Mrs. Jane Wilson, Pittsburgh, Pa. By Dr. and Mrs. Fred M. Blick.

987. Mrs. Stewart E. Scott, Pittsburgh, Pa. By Women's Guild, Sunset Hills Church.

988. Mrs. D. A. Evans, Pittsburgh, Pa. By Quilting Group, Sunset Hills Church.

989. Mrs. D. A. Brose, Pittsburgh, Pa. By Mrs. L. K. Porter.

990. Mrs. David Birch, Pittsburgh, Pa. By Mrs. W. Bruce Wilson.

991. Mrs. J. William Knupp, Pittsburgh, Pa. By Mrs. W. Bruce Wilson.

992. Mrs. J. L. Church, Pittsburgh, Pa. By Mrs. C. E. Oakley and Mrs. Paul C. Miller.

993. Mrs. Charles A. Bishop, Pittsburgh, Pa. By Mrs. R. Chester Miller.

994. Mrs. William L. Elcessor, Pittsburgh, Pa. By Mrs. J. William Knupp.

995. Mrs. C. C. Rode, Pittsburgh, Pa. By her daughter, Mrs. J. M. Brodbeck.

996. Mrs. Clara Brodbeck, Pittsburgh, Pa. By her daughter-in-law, Mrs. J. M. Brodbeck.

997. Mrs. J. Wood, Pittsburgh, Pa. By a friend.

998. Mrs. W. D. Stewart, Pittsburgh, Pa. By a friend.

999. Mrs. Gladys S. Hufnagel, Pittsburgh, Pa. By a friend.

1000. Mrs. Katharine B. Bode, Pittsburgh, Pa. By a friend.

1001. Mrs. Frances C. Hammerly, Pittsburgh, Pa. By a friend.

1002. Mrs. Gladys B. Ward, Pittsburgh, Pa. By a friend.

1003. Mrs. Edna Nirella, Pittsburgh, Pa. By Miss Emily Alderdice.

1004. Mrs. Julia L. Steele, Pittsburgh, Pa. By Miss A. Beulah Evans.
1005. Mrs. H. Scott Schweinsberg, Pittsburgh, Pa. By her friend, Mrs. Wahl.
1006. Mrs. P. H. Larson, Pittsburgh, Pa. By a friend.
1007. Anna Mae Delo, Wilkinsburg, Pa. By Miss Glenn Walker.
1008. Mrs. Lois Knopp, Wilkinsburg, Pa. By a friend.
1009. Mrs. Frances Henderson, Struthers, O. By friends.
1010. Mrs. Florence Hoover, In Mem. By friends in the WMS, Poland Ave., Struthers, O.
1011. Mrs. Sarah Gabriel, Akron, O. By the Junior Dept., Goodyear Heights S. S.
1012. Mrs. Carl Rankin, Akron, O. By the Jane Smith WMS, Goodyear Heights Church.
1013. Mrs. Bessie Schwartz, Cleveland, O. By her sister, Mrs. Emily Harper.
1014. Mrs. Ella Congdon, Cleveland, O. By Mrs. Mable Everett, a friend.
1015. Mrs. Isabel Giddens, Cleveland, O. By friends in the WMS, Second Church.
1016. Mrs. Crell Rose, Warren, O. By Mrs. Herbert Wheeler.
1017. Mrs. James Crawford, Warren, O. By friends.
1018. Mrs. William Oswald, Warren, O. By Mrs. J. R. Scott.
1019. Mrs. William Morris, Warren, O. By Mrs. J. B. Kniseley.
1020. Mrs. Franc Zeller, Cleveland, O. By friends.
1021. Mrs. E. H. Patterson, East Palestine, O. By Mrs. Jay T. Lowry.
1022. Mrs. Clarence Craig, East Palestine, O. By her son, Jack Craig.
1023. Mrs. P. H. Gregory, Cuyahoga Falls, O. By Mr. & Mrs. H. C. Kayser, Jr.
1024. Mrs. Hershel Shaver, Cuyahoga Falls, O. By friends.
1025. Miss Gladys Ketchem, Youngstown, O. By Miss Margaret Blair.
1026. Mrs. James Millson, Youngstown, O. By her daughter, Ilma Davis.
1027. Mrs. Lawrence Davis, Youngstown, O. By Golden Rule WMS, Pleasant Grove Church.
1028. Margaret Lueben, Youngstown, O. By Mrs. Everett Morgan.
1029. Mrs. Helen Fletcher, Youngstown, O. By Mrs. Burt Landahl.
1030. Lynn Parks, Youngstown, O. By Mary Fulton.
1031. Mary Jane Agar, Youngstown, O. By Bertha Calvin.
1032. Miss Elizabeth H. Turner, R.N., Sialkot City, Pakistan. By friends in Mary Ewing WMS, First Church, Akron, O.
1033. Mrs. H. K. Tower, Youngstown, O. By Mrs. W. F. Eberhart & Mrs. Charlotte McKenna.
1034. Mrs. Irene Whiteside, Youngstown, O. By self.
1035. Mrs. S. K. Taylor, Youngstown, O. By her family.
1036. Mrs. Mary K. Smidt, Youngstown, O. By Mrs. George Smidt.
1037. Virginia Glenn, Cleveland, O. By her father, Edgar Glenn.
1038. Mrs. R. M. McPherson, Lisbon, O. By friends in the WMS.
1039. Vivian Morley, Hubbard, O. By Mrs. Helen Geiger.
1040. Mrs. Merle D. Heidrich, Elyria, O. By her mother, Mrs. George Williamson.
1041. Mrs. Helen Rhoads, Youngstown, O. By a friend.
1042. Mrs. Beulah Boe, Barberton, O. By the Women's League, 1st Church.
1043. Mrs. Shirley Yost, Barberton, O. By the Sabbath School.
1044. Mrs. Lewis Robin Brown, Struthers, O. By her husband & their children.
1045. Mrs. J. R. McAllister, Struthers, O. By a friend.
1046. Mrs. Irene Sams, Alliance, O. By Mrs. Stella Franke.
1047. Mrs. Bettie Thompson, Sebring, O. By Mrs. Thelma Eastham.
1048. Mrs. Katherine Goede, Lakewood, O. By Mrs. Robert Miller.
1049. Mrs. Joyce G. Evans, Lakewood, O. By Mr. and Mrs. G. Gordon Evans.
1050. Mrs. Robert Perrett, Warren, O. By self.
1051. Mrs. Joseph Metzendorf, Warren, O. By members of Nelle Smith Guild.
1052. Mrs. Caroline Bogner, Akron, O. By Mrs. Eileen Holmquist.
1053. Mrs. Gertrude Robinson, Akron, O. By Mrs. Gladys Adair.
1054. Mrs. Samuel Greig, Akron, O. By her husband.
1055. Mrs. David Hughes, Sr., Akron, O. By Mrs. Floyd Mosier.
1056. Mrs. Nick Filing, Akron, O. By Mrs. Samuel Greig and Mrs. Paul Willis.
1057. Mrs. Paige McAdoo, Hubbard, O. By Mrs. Lawrence Geiger.
1058. Mrs. LeRoy Coonce, Hubbard, O. By her husband.
1059. Mrs. Ruth Kurtzman, Cleveland, O. By her mother, Mrs. Ida Moon.
1060. Mrs. Charles Condon, Cleveland, O. By a friend.
1061. Mrs. Dolores Jusko, Cleveland, O. By a friend.
1062. Mrs. Clair W. Porter, Barberton, O. By the Women's League.
1063. Miss Anne Dempster, Barberton, O. By the Church School.
1064. Mrs. William Minnich, Barberton, O. By Mrs. Joseph R. Hope.
1065. Mrs. L. Tazewell, Cleveland, O. By Mrs. H. R. Thayer.
1066. Mrs. George Ruscin, Cleveland, O. By Dr. and Mrs. A. M. Allen.
1067. Mrs. Zelma Myers, Akron, O. By Mrs. M. E. Davison.
1068. Mrs. L. H. Ransom, Youngstown, O. By her husband and daughter.
1069. Mrs. Wilbur L. Sittig, Youngstown, O. By her children, Karen and Jack.

1070. Mrs. Benjamin Davies, Youngstown, O. By Mr. & Mrs. Benjamin Davies, Sr.

1071. Carol L. Stefanski, Youngstown, O. By a friend.

1072. Nancy Carroll, Washington, Pa. By Juanita Berkey.

1073. Mrs. John P. Boone, Houston, Pa. By her sister, Mrs. J. T. Bartram.

1074. Mrs. I. N. Welch, Houston, Pa. By a friend.

1075 Mrs. Gladys McConnell, Houston, Pa. By her mother, Mrs. George Cummins.

1076. Mrs. Ora Mumper, Midway, Pa. By herself and husband.

1077. Mrs. Lena H. Savage, Hookstown, Pa. By Mrs. Jennie V. Savage.

1078. Miss Stella Mechling, Burgettstown, Pa. By Mrs. A. D. Bigger & daughter.

1079. Mrs. Mildred Ralston, Bulger, Pa. By Miss Mary Bigger.

1080. Mrs. Ernest T. McNary, Canonsburg, Pa. By her husband.

1081. Miss Carrie Buchanan, Canonsburg, Pa. By sister, Mrs. John B. Johnston.

1082. Mrs. Cynthia Germa-dnik, Canonsburg, Pa. By Mrs. Frank Bradenburg.

1083. Mrs. Ella Buchanan Johnston, Canonsburg, Pa. By her sister, Miss Carrie Buchanan.

1084. Mrs. Ida Dunlevy, Houston, Pa. By Mr. & Mrs. J. H. McPeake.

1085. Miss Mary Esther Horn, Canonsburg, Pa. By Mr. & Mrs. T. J. Jones.

1086. Miss Martha L. McBurney, Hickory, Pa. By Miss Jennie McBurney.

1087. Donna Carol Dornan, Canonsburg, Pa. By a friend.

1088. Janet Gail Balentine, Canonsburg, Pa. By a friend.

1089. Mable Alrutz, Washington, Pa. By her husband, James Alrutz.

1090. Mrs. Alta Dornan, Washington, Pa. By Mr. & Mrs. H. L. Fee.

1091. Mrs. Charles Davis, Donora, Pa. By Wom-

en's Missionary & Aid Soc.

1092. Mrs. O. C. Howard, Donora, Pa. By Frances Morrison Mis. Society.

1093. Mrs. Perry B. Liggett, West Middletown, Pa. By friends.

1094. Mrs. Clyde Williams, West Middletown, Pa. By friends.

1095. Mrs. Arthur Williams, West Middletown, Pa. By two friends.

1096. Mrs. Edith Miller, Rea, Pa. By Mrs. Mary McGaughey, Mrs. June Patton and Mrs. Sara Wilson.

1097. Mrs. Robert J. Hinman, Venetia, Pa. By Miss Minnie Douglass.

1098. Mrs. Helen (Mrs. Wesley P.) Walters, Eighty Four, Pa. By Mrs. Elizabeth B. Weir.

1099. Mrs. Beulah C. Scott, Taylorstown, Pa. By Mrs. Vera Knox Stine & Sara Knox.

1100. Mrs. Doris A. Sutherin, Georgetown, Pa. By Sara Knox & Vera Stine.

1101. Mrs. Kenneth L. Stewart, Washington, Pa. By Mr. & Mrs. Kenneth G. Stewart.

1102. Mrs. Joseph B. Dixon, Washington, Pa. By friends.

1103. Mrs. Alice Hickson, Washington, Pa. By her daughter, Margaret.

1104. Clara Noble, Washington, Pa. By her sister, Henrietta.

1105. Mrs. Bernadine S. Dennie, Washington, Pa. By Mrs. Donald S. Moore.

1106. Miss Jean Miller, Washington, Pa. By a friend.

1107. Mrs. James R. Deemer, (On furlough from Sudan), living in Crafton, Pa.

1108. Mrs. Esther S. Crosbie, Washington, Pa. By friends.

1109. Mrs. J. R. McCreight, Washington, Pa. By WMS, Second Church.

1110. Miss Lois C. King, Houston, Pa. By Miss Lena Quivey.

1111. Mrs. Agnes Beck, Steubenville, O. By Dorothy Westlake.

1112. Mrs. Leonard

Wheatley, Steubenville, O. By Mrs. Paul Wierman.

1113. Mrs. C. William Hayes, Steubenville, O. By Miss Hilda Steele.

1114. Miss Juliet Eakin, Steubenville, O. By Miss Hilda Steele.

1115. Mrs. Arthur Smith, Steubenville, O. By Mrs. Edgar Bower.

1116. Mrs. Mary Morrow, Salineville, O. By friends in the WMS.

1117. Mrs. J. M. Shirley, Steubenville, O. By Mrs. J. Mont Patterson.

1118. Mrs. John Dinello, Steubenville, O. By Mrs. J. L. Leatherberry.

1119. Miss Myrna Ekey, Steubenville, O. By Mrs. W. L. McCollough.

1120. Geneva Hervey, Steubenville, O. By Mrs. J. H. Helsley.

1121. Mrs. Robert Matthews, Steubenville, O. By Marguerite Patterson.

1122. Mrs. Thomas Jones, Steubenville, O. By Mrs. George Ewing.

1123. Mrs. George Mullen, Steubenville, O. By Mrs. Charles McCleery.

1124. Mrs. James McCleery, Steubenville, O. By Mrs. Charles McCleery.

1125. Mrs. Jennie Stewart, Chester, W. Va. By a friend.

1126. Mrs. John Scott, East Liverpool, O. By Mrs. F. Ray Scott.

1127. Miss Ruth Urie, Wellsville, O. By the Nelle P. Smith Mis. Society.

1128. Miss Elizabeth Fogo, Wellsville, O. By the Nelle P. Smith Mis. Society.

1129. Miss Belle Graham, Bergholz, O. By the Scroggsfield WMS.

1130. Mrs. Elizabeth Boring, Bergholz. By Scroggsfield WMS.

1131. Mrs. Bessie McCoy Flynn, Mitchell, S. D. By parents, Rev. & Mrs. D. C. McCoy.

1132. Mrs. Hazel Grey, Carrollton, O. By a friend.

1133. Mrs. Esta Long, Carrollton, O. By friends.

1134. Mrs. Florence Cable, Carrollton, O. By friends.

Prayer Groups

MRS. WALTER C. BRETHAUER, Secretary
118 Brightwood Ave., Pittsburgh 29, Pa.

The smallest room in the spectacular new structure of the United Nations is to a great number of interested people the most important. It seats only twenty-five people. It is a room to which no one is denied access—and that is as it should be—for it is the Meditation Room, opened on Oct. 14, 1952.

The room is usually occupied by two, three or more persons who feel constrained to intercede at the Throne of Grace on behalf of the men and women of many nations who are trying to resolve in a peaceful way the problems that beset our world. In one year 40,000 signed the guest book.

A leaflet which describes the Meditation Room and its purpose closes with these statements: "Prayer is the single most powerful force in the world—a miraculous super power set free by humility and faith—a conditioning power making the skill, ability and purpose of those prayed for and of the suppliant more adequate in the service of God and man—a catalytic power providing constructive atmosphere where divergent human minds can find solution beneficial to all. Through prayer the soul leads the mind toward the Divine pattern for a mutually responsible human family and inspires the spiritually motivated action for its accomplishment.

"Prayer is the dynamic manifestation of love by the concerned reaching out for God's help for man.

"You can help change the world by your prayers and your prayerful action."

Dear friends, your missionaries, the Christian and non-Christian people of our many mission stations, your Board of Directors need your prayers. Will you be found often in your Meditation Room?

"We need to experiment with prayer. In doing so we must make it informal and simple rather than mechanical or routine."

PRAYER CYCLE—APRIL

Days 3, 28, 29

There is great need of a true conviction of sin among the South Sudan Christians. An example is that of a young Christian who committed adultery without any sense of having broken God's law. Pray that these people may be led of the Spirit to better understand the holiness of God and how He hates sin. Pray that there may be true repentance and a heartfelt desire for forgiveness and for strength to overcome sin.

One can scarcely imagine the difficulty that the missionary to primitive people encounters in the language field. There has been no written language; there is no one to go to for help in understanding the language. An alphabet must be created; sounds must be translated into words. In the South Sudan five languages are spoken: Anuak, Dinka, Nuer, Murlei, Shilluk. Several of our missionaries have given invaluable service in translating the New Testament into some of these languages. Pray that it might be possible to free missionary personnel to continue this important work. Pray that God will give wisdom and guidance in adult literacy work. Only as people are able to read can God's Word be theirs to search and uncover the treasures it contains. Pray that translators and writers may be found to supply the new readers with good literature.

Pray for the young men who are being trained to teach and whom the devil snatches away so that the great service they could render in teaching the Bible is lost and they teach the Word as just another subject. Pray that the Holy Spirit may work mightily upon them that the Book may be to each one the true Word of God and their teaching fired with personal conviction of its eternal message of salvation.

The Juniors

MRS. CHARLES W. FULTON, Secretary,
455 Forest Ave., Bellevue, Pittsburgh 2, Pa.

*"Shepherded by God, we find everywhere
the possibilities for making life good
and great."*

PROJECTS FOR 1954 THE JUNIOR SPECIAL

MARY V. EWING, R.N.

1. Maintenance of the "Ibis," the sailboat on the Nile.
2. Maintenance of the "Delta Car," Egypt.
3. Salary of Miss Mary Ewing, R.N., Doleib Hill, Sudan.
4. Support of the Children's Ward at Sialkot Hospital, Pakistan.
5. Supplies for the Girls' School at Addis Ababa, Ethiopia.
6. Truck for Frenchburg, Kentucky.
7. Electric Light Plant at Oljato, Utah.
8. Southland Scholarships.

Note to Junior Superintendents:

Send to Literature Department, 904 Publication Building, 209 Ninth St., Pittsburgh 22, Pa., for Dime Posters for each Junior to take a trip around the world.

GOD WAS THEIR REFUGE (Continued from Page 411)

business—saving men's souls!

This was the refugee pastor's message to his uprooted parishioners. They heard it and were strengthened, renewed in their faith. They also had visible evidence that God still provided for their needs. Most of them knew that the "Sunday-best" clothes they were wearing were gifts of love from unknown American Christians.

The pastor led them in prayer and

another beautiful hymn as the worship service ended. Outside later, many members stood around to talk—just as church people do all over the world—exchanging greetings, asking about absent or ill friends.

Then, moving back through the tall, snowy pines, they returned to their barrack "homes"—shared with other homeless dozens—and the silent snowflakes continued to fall.

The Teens

MRS. R. B. McNARY, Secretary
R. R. 2, Canonsburg, Pa.

PROGRAM SUGGESTIONS

April Theme—Youth Responds

*Scripture Reading: 1 Tim. 4:12;
2 Tim. 2:15*

Also have someone read the Resurrection story.

The heart verse I have chosen for this month is found in Matt. 5:8—*Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God.* These words were spoken by Jesus, in His Sermon on the Mount.

April 18 will be Easter Sabbath, so for your worship I suggest you use the open Bible on the center of a table. Back of the Bible, place a Madonna lily, a bouquet of lilies or dogwood blossoms. At each side have a white lighted candle. You might use Easter hymns such as "The Old Rugged Cross," "He Arose," "He Lives."

At Eastertide people of every land and clime throng their churches to proclaim the glorious Resurrection. Easter takes its English name from the Anglo-Saxon "Eostre," goddess of Spring. The date of Easter each year falls on the first Sabbath after first full moon, on or after March 21.

The use of lilies, a symbol of purity and light, are derived from an ancient Judean legend, that white lilies sprang up in the risen Saviour's footprints.

The legend of the Dogwood Tree reminds us that the springtime flowering of the Dogwood has remained a symbol of divine sacrifice, and the triumph of eternal life.

What does Easter mean to teen-agers? Does it mean a stately church with flower-scented air? Perhaps people attending the service, dressed in new spring apparel, who never think of church attendance, except on Easter or Christmas? Or does it

"If life stops for us because we fail, we dishonor God and are lost."

touch your heart with joy and gladness, because it is the day of Christ's Resurrection? I like the Easter hymn "He Lives," because those words in the chorus especially appeal to me: "You ask me how I know He lives? He lives, within my heart." Our theme for this month, "Youth Responds," should touch a chord in your hearts, because if you have Christ there, you know He is living and Easter the Day of His Resurrection will mean much to you. Because He lives, we too shall live. May we treasure that promise and follow Him, by the way of the Cross.

Teen-agers, the following verse is my Easter wish to you:

*May the glad dawn of Easter morn,
bring joy to thee.*

*May the calm eve of Easter leave a
peace divine with thee.*

*May Easter night, on thine heart
write, O Christ, I live for Thee.*

Author unknown

TEEN-AGE HOME SPECIAL FOR 1954

Since it was necessary to close Cedar Creek Hospital, the Home Mission Special for teen-agers will be raising money for band instruments for Frenchburg and Ezel schools. Many of the boys and girls are not able to buy their own, and they are anxious to play in the band. The schools do not own musical instruments, so come on teen-agers, let us make this fund large enough to put a band instrument into the hand of every boy and girl who wants to play.

*So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man
When Duty whispers "Lo, thou must,"
The youth replies, "I can."*

—Emerson

Indian Missions

MRS. RUSSELL K. MONTGOMERY,
Interim Secretary,
9 Pocono Dr., Pittsburgh 20, Pa.

*"When we live with God, we can
live day by day with peace and
victory."*

MY PAST AMBITION—BEFORE CHRISTIAN LIFE



Ernest A. Penney

I was a poor boy from Webb, Idaho, not far from the Pendleton, Oregon, Park Tracks. Here I would hang around stables getting odd jobs rubbing and walking horses. I was as hard as could be and recklessly ambitious.

At it turned out, I had a way with horses. A trainer noticed me and gave me a chance to become a "bug boy" or apprentice jockey. Bug boy seldom gets great horses to run; but soon I rode at the minor track, winning from the best of them. These wins were as much on nerve as skill.

I would take desperate chances—squeeze through narrow openings that would have scared old men to death. As a result, I was in the hospital many times because of these reckless chances; but I came back stronger than ever.

Then came World War II after which I lost my touch and was about to sink out of sight like many jockeys do. After I lost my last race I took a hard fall from the horses and was taken to the hospital all broken up from head to foot. I was in the hospital for twenty-six months and was in a cast from my head to my toes for nineteen months.

Early one morning the doctor said to me that I would never walk again. I had lost my last race, the most important of all the races, in that I

had lost all feeling in my legs; I was helpless from that day on. I was removed to my dear auntie's home at Lapwai, Idaho. Four months later, early one Sunday morning I heard the church bells ringing. This was the church where my grandfather had preached. The ringing of the bells gave me a great feeling. Yes, from that day on I walked again.

One day while taking a walk, I noticed a sign that read "Young Christian workers wanted—come enter in Cook Christian Training School at Phoenix, Arizona." I had never opened a Bible in my life before. First day at Bible School, the teacher asked me to open my Bible to the Book of Genesis. I told her that I did not know where to look. Mrs. La Port, my teacher, was patient with me. I was a jockey for five years always with the "aim to win." Now I have given my life to the "aim to win all for Christ." I am still at the race but my goal is Christ now. "I press toward the mark for the prize." *Philippians 3:14.*

KEEPING THE FAITH

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." *II Timothy 4:7.*

That is a short autobiography. It has said all that the author wanted to say about himself. It is one that I should like to be able to write about myself. It would be wonderful at the end of my day to be able to say that I had done the very best for my Lord; that I had accomplished what I set out to do; that through it all I had never lowered Christian standards.

Paul was able to say it because he was a man possessed with great faith. There was just one thing he was going to do with his life. He was going to use it to make Christ known among men. No matter what might happen
(Continued on Inside Back Cover)

Mountain and Presbyterial Missions

MRS. EDGAR B. MURDOCH, Secretary
4 Wilmont Ave., Washington, Pa.

WESTLAND MISSION

Sabbath School was ready to close, people were coming for Church, and the Superintendent asked me to come forward to make any announcements I might have. As I stood toward the front a little child came up and slipped her hand in mine as I spoke.

The hand of a little child! How these little ones need love and understanding, how they need guidance each step of the way! We often say, "Look both ways before you cross the street!" We don't want them to get hurt; yet how much more important is the little person that lives in the body. Frequently I have to put something in the mail in the morning. I go down the road just about the time the children are going to school. I enjoy meeting them, for they smile and say "Good morning!" And I say, "Be good today!" I want them to do what is right; they are forming life-time habits. I suppose my admonition is quickly forgotten, but anyway I meant it.

The Bible Club meeting was being held in my home. I watched the row of boys on the davenport listening to the story, but one little hand was looking for trouble along the row! I recalled the chorus we sing, "O be careful little hands what you do!" Just mischief today, but we have these Bible Clubs to teach our boys and girls to use not only their hands for the Lord, but to give Him their hearts and their lives while young.

We are thankful every day for our new little home! It is not only a very pleasant place for us to live, but we appreciate being near the Church and community. The various groups that meet here, as well as the individuals who come from time to time, appreciate it. We have chil-

*"In a complicated world like ours
it is important that we recover the
lost art of simplicity."*

dren whose only contact with us is when they come to play games.

One small boy in a group one evening said something or did something which caused a girl to say, "You'd better remember where you are. You shouldn't say that in Church!"

"This is Miss Partington's home!"

"Well," she answered, "what's the difference?"

We trust it will always be a place where they will enjoy coming, whether it is a meeting, or just a group to play games, for there are the Bible games, and the song and story records which they love as well as the usual ones, and a place where they will receive many blessings.

Dorothy E. Partington

FRENCHBURG SCHOOL AND JANE COOK HOSPITAL

We are happy to announce the appointment of Miss Glendine Lundquist as supervisor for Jane Cook Hospital. Miss Lundquist comes to Frenchburg after twenty years of experience in Sialkot Hospital, Pakistan. Remaining in the states because of her aged father, she has found a place of usefulness at Jane Cook. Her father has come to Frenchburg with her. She replaces Miss Dorothea Foucar who has gone to Canada where her mother is hospitalized.

Mrs. Jane Everson who as Miss Jane Fleming spent several years in the school at Stanton, Ky., has joined the hospital staff as Dietitian and housekeeper. Friends of bygone days will rejoice to know that she has found a challenging task at Frenchburg. Her ready wit and humor brighten the days for everyone.

Another appointment over which the entire staff rejoices is that of Mr. John Teed as maintenance man.



GLENDINE LUNDQUIST, R.N.

Mr. Teed comes from McMillan, Michigan, and has had wide experience in various trades. He is also a sincere Christian, and rejoices serving his Lord in this special field.

In the Elementary School, Miss Francena Dyer has taken the place of Miss Carolyn Arndt in the Junior High School work. She teaches the seventh grade plus one section of eighth. Miss Dyer has had experience as a home missionary under the Scripture Memory Mountain Mission, and has also taught in the rural schools of Kentucky. Miss Arndt has resigned, and after her marriage to James Stoker, former Frenchburg teacher, will work with him in school in the state of Idaho.

In the paragraphs below Miss Lundquist speaks of the hospital work.

Arthur Gathman

* * * *

Jane Cook Hospital has had to endure many changes in staff personnel. Everyone knows that too much of anything is too much and that includes too frequent changes in hospital supervisors. However each supervisor has initiated some improvements and their names are often mentioned as we rejoice over the

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changes. The hospital was most fortunate to have had Miss Foucar who had considerable experience in medical mission work in China. Organization seemed to be her greatest contribution and the storerooms and the shelves of drugs tell the story of many hard hours of work.

The hospital has been kept comfortably busy with the usual winter ailments such as coughs, fractures from slipping on ice, burns and, of course, babies. The Christmas fire tragedy was hard to forget. A mother and five children burned. The father and one boy were treated here before being sent on to Lexington. Later the little boy died.

In a dry season many houses become fire traps, especially when winter winds blow and stoves and furnaces are pushed to the limit. With such sobering thoughts one cannot help wishing for a safer nurses' home. An old furnace, an old house—and you have our nurses' home.

It is a very sobering experience also to be at the table in the nurses' home when Mrs. Everson or Bernice Olson tell a joke. The cups and saucers start rattling in the cupboard, the vases on the mantel start jumping and we all look around frantically for something more stable than our chairs to hold to. It doesn't help to recall that the dining room is immediately over the furnace. Because of the uneven floor some beds have blocks under them. In other words Jane Cook Hospital needs a nurses' Home where humor need not be curbed.

Glendine Lundquist, R.N.



The nurses' home that "curbs humor"

Negro Missions

MRS. G. VIRGIL HUTCHISON, Secretary, Imperial, Pa.

"Prayer gives us moral courage to take the high and holy way."

The Henderson, N. C., newspaper recently published an article by Mr. L. E. Spencer, Superintendent of Henderson Institute telling of religious education assembly programs under the direction of Miss Eva Thomas. Miss Thomas is employed by the WGMS as head of the religious education department of this school which has now become a county school.

This was an orientation program showing what the department has to offer the student, all the subjects being elective. An address was given by the Rev. J. R. Dungee, pastor of both Henderson and Townsville churches. Students of the department conducted a panel discussion. The curriculum is divided into four divisions.

1. *A periodical Survey of the Bible.* A study of the composition of the Bible, the Biblical periods, and great truths as they are related to present-day history.

2. *The Christian Church.* A study of the purpose and functions of Christian churches with emphasis on the church in America, in North Carolina, in Vance County, and in Henderson.

3. *The Life and Teachings of Christ.* Christ's life from infancy to ascension; detailed study of His

teachings and their practical application in daily living.

4. *Missions in the Bible.* Worldwide missions from their beginning to the present. A study is made of the missions of the various denominations represented in the classes. Opportunities for Christian vocations are also studied.

Rev. Dungee spoke on the subject: "Train a Child in the Way He Should Go." He stated that America was founded on Christian principles and that the home and school must continue to foster their ideals. It is the duty of the school to religiously instruct only according to the plan of the state, the school, and the parents concerned. Consequently, children should be trained early in life with a knowledge of the Bible. The status of Christianity in America in the future depends upon the beliefs, habits, and customs of the youth of today.

* * *

May we take this opportunity to express our real gratitude to all of you who so kindly remembered our Negro missions at the Christmas season. Reports from those in charge have told of the happiness of the recipients of the Christmas bounty. Thus the birthday of the Child was made happy for some underprivileged children. Thank you all so much.

WALLS

(Continued from Page 404)

see through that iron door, not even through the keyhole. Many times the visitor turned out to be someone wanting the doctor and had not known he had moved.

* This doctor was a well-educated man who had been to England twice for advanced study, but in his household still followed the old Moslem customs. You can understand that there is no homelife in such a household as we think of homelife in a Christian family. Although many more girls now go to school than formerly and

are taking up more modern ways there are many women in the North Sudan who live their lives almost entirely inside the walls of their houses and small yards. To us they seem like prisoners and surely their spirits are imprisoned. How they need to know of Christ's love for them and his saving grace. Won't you pray for the Bible Women as they go into the homes of many of these Moslem women to teach them of Christ's love? How eager many of them are for the lessons! Is it any wonder?

Foreign Missions

MRS. ARTHUR B. McBRIDE, Secretary,
847 Thorn Street, Sewicklev, Pa.

"Remembering our own shortcomings, we must accept people on the basis of fact, not gossip."

"WHO DRINKS THE WATERS OF THE NILE WILL RETURN"

The truth of this old saying has been borne out by three Short-termers. The Women's Board is happy to give career appointment to these who served for three years and have proved their excellence as missionary teachers. The Mission in Egypt will gladly welcome them, and after the study of Arabic will assign them where their talents can be used best.



NORMA LEE SQUIRES of the First United Presbyterian Church, Seattle, Washington, served at the American College for Girls in Cairo, Egypt. She was reared in the Nampa, Idaho, congregation. She received her Bachelor of music degree from Northwest Nazarene College of Nampa, Idaho. She taught English and Public School Music, and has had experience in directing choirs.



FAITH E. HAMILTON of the Nampa, Idaho, U. P. Church served at the American College for Girls in Cairo, Egypt, teaching English and Public School Music. She has been Secretary of Christian Education in the Multnomah U. P. Church, Portland, Oregon. She will receive her B.A. degree from the College of Idaho in June, 1954, major in English, minor in Music.



MARY L. MARKLEY of the United Presbyterian Church of Cadiz, Ohio, taught in Ezbekia School for Girls in Cairo, Egypt. Miss Markley received

her B.S. degree at Muskingum College, majoring in Biology. She has had courses in Ohio State University and at Biblical Seminary in New York.

I WONDER WHY

more of the young men and women of our United Presbyterian Church do not volunteer for the Lord's service, either at home or overseas, for career or short-term service? Has our vision dimmed and our zeal weakened with the years? We have been leaders of the churches in our missionary enthusiasm, and giving of ourselves and substance, and I wonder why we are no longer in the lead!

The thinning ranks in our Missions, by retirement and illness, cause us much concern, and yet we hear The Voice the prophet heard: "Whom shall I send and who will go for us?" but how few answer The Voice: "Here am I; send me." I wonder why!

We thank God for the young women who have lately gone into career service who are proving a joy. They are applying themselves to the learning of the difficult language of the people among whom they will work, with the freshness and enthusiasm of youth, good preparation and sincere devotion. But there are positions in our Mission fields which must be filled before September or our work will be crippled and the cause of Christ hindered. These call for short-termers who will offer their talents for three years. Ask anyone who has been a short-termers if she advises you to go. Our efficient and beloved Miss Wilma Mintier in the office of Christian Education will tell you she feels it is a "must" for every young person who can go to have this experience, which will enrich your life, no matter where you serve upon completion of a term overseas.

Christian teachers, secretaries, and nurses! You are needed in our Mission schools and hospitals now. Every Mission hospital is short-staffed, and the schools lack qualified teachers. The time is short and the doors are open; let us enter them as His witnesses.

STUDY WITH A PURPOSE

It is surely good to have my first year's language study behind me! It gives me such a feeling of accomplishment, and helps give more self-confidence as I begin my real missionary work. God has been good and gracious to me in helping me learn. I know I could never have done it without His strength. The language is such a big barrier when you are new, and that year's language study is a tool of help you bridge that barrier. How wonderful and useful a tool one doesn't know until she begins her first year's work with it.

It has been a real thrill to me this year as I have started to talk and work with the girls and teachers in Hajipur G.B.S., Sialkot, to begin to see them as personalities; at first to see them as in a crowd and no one stands out, but this changes as you work with them.

I am very happy here at Hajipur. (Miss Cathcart with whom I am working wrote the letter which presented this all to me.) I have been teaching 6th English and 9th Bible, mostly in English. I teach a Sabbath School class and Kindergarten English singing. There are accounts, too, to keep, as well as continuing language study, but I am very happy in it all and know I am where God wants me to be.

M. Marte Allison

FULL DAYS

Perhaps you are wondering what all comes into our day. Our morning chapel service always starts the day, beginning at 8:30 A.M. Teaching in the school occupies much of our time—Bible, Arithmetic, History, Science, etc. This is my second year at the Girls' School in Addis Ababa. We opened the school term on September 28 with a capacity enrollment and turned many girls away because we could not accommodate them. Our daily attendance has been averaging 150. This is a good bit higher average than we had last year. We have

MISSIONARY HORIZONS

added an eighth class this year for the first time, and since this means more subjects to be taught in English it has increased our need for additional help. But the Lord has been gracious to bring to us several fine Christian ladies who have been giving of their time to help us out in part-time teaching. Even with this outside help both Anna Ens and I have very heavy teaching loads and so are kept out of mischief.

Then there are those many other tasks to be performed but which one never reckons on when planning the day's work—caring for the sick children in the dormitory, disciplining the wayward ones, being called out to talk with a parent, or talking with one of the workers on the compound. Then, of course, there is the women's prayer meeting on Tuesday afternoons. What a blessing that always is! Sunday mornings we have a Sunday School here on the compound, and following this we take the girls down the road a short distance to our church for the morning worship service. And so the days and weeks pass, full of labor, full of opportunities to witness for Him, and full also of the joys of serving Him.

Ruth E. McCreery

ITEMS OF INTEREST

Miss Blanche Chambers, a faithful member of the DeLancey, N. Y., U. P. Church, passed away December 29 in the Delaware Valley Hospital at Walton, N.Y., after a short illness. She held the post of librarian

at various places, and was a member of the faculty of Downsville Central School prior to her death. Her many friends will remember her as a short-term missionary at Pressly Memorial Institute, Assiut, Egypt. She had a life-long interest in the Missions of the United Presbyterian Church.

Following the Association Meeting of the North Sudan, a Teachers' Institute was held in Khartoum North with an enrollment of 73 teachers from all the schools, both boys and girls. All were accommodated in the G.B.S. (it being their vacation) and the whole institute was very successful. Not the least was the experience of fellowship which they enjoyed, very helpful to the ones who came from the provinces where they feel a small, isolated group of workers. (In letter from Dr. R. F. Shields)

GEDAREF

Saturday is our sewing meeting day. There were 38 present and they kept me busy. We use the new big room at the school for the meeting, and it is a bit easier than having to stumble over all the feet getting down the narrow aisles, as we did in the older rooms.

This room when transformed into a chapel on Sabbath looks very nice. Dr. and Mrs. Shields were here for the dedication and Dr. Shields said he got a real thrill out of it. Our "fixings" were all made from material found in Gedaref. (From Miss Una Coie)

WGMS SHORT-TERM MISSIONARIES

EGYPT

Mrs. Don Armstrong, 1951.....	Tanta
Miss L. Vernelle Blair, 1952.....	Cairo
Miss Ruth A. Brooks, R.N., 1953.....	Assiut
Miss Mildred M. Cooke, R.N., 1951.....	Assiut
Miss Eloise Crabbe, 1952.....	Assiut
Miss Lois R. Elmfritz, 1950.....	Cairo
Miss Lois A. Giffen, R.N., 1952.....	Assiut
Miss Emogene A. Golding, R.N., 1952.....	Tanta
Miss E. Marion Greenleese, 1951.....	Assiut
Miss Dorothy E. Hagman, 1951.....	Cairo
Miss Rosella M. Hutchison, M.N., 1951.....	Tanta
Miss Bessie B. James, 1952.....	Tanta
Miss Catherine M. Jamieson, 1952.....	Cairo
Miss Lida E. Knight, 1951.....	Assiut
Miss Marilyn R. Law, R.N., 1952.....	Tanta
Miss Sara Jane Nesser, 1951.....	Tanta

Miss Ruth L. Nolin, 1951.....	Tanta
Miss Rosemarie Otto, 1952.....	Cairo
Miss Ruth Romaine, 1953.....	Assiut
Mrs. Alma P. Ross, 1953.....	Tanta
Miss Martha E. Sisley, 1951.....	Assiut
Miss M. Patricia Trimble, 1951.....	Assiut
Miss Mary Elizabeth Wilson, R.N., 1952.....	Tanta

THE SUDAN

Miss Martha I. Pollock, 1953.....	Malakal
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ETHIOPIA

Miss Anna H. Ens, 1952.....	Box 1111, Addis Ababa
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Note: In addressing these short-termers please remember to put "% American Mission" with each foreign address.

Temperance & Reform

MRS. W. J. H. McKNIGHT, Secretary,
379 Questend Ave., Pittsburgh 34, Pa.

*"Even in sorrow and failure
and sickness the peace of God
may be ours."*

For a long time I have wanted to present information concerning the fine high school organization called Allied Youth. Then it occurred to me that the best way to do this, would be to ask the sponsor of our wonderful A.Y. Post in Frenchburg to tell the story of their organization. We are proud of it and commend Mrs. Linderholm and the young people for the fine work they are doing. It is highly commendable that one of our mission schools should have such an outstanding Post. If you desire more information about A.Y., write me, or directly to Mr. Roy Breg, 1709 M Street, N.W., Washington 6, D. C.

Helen McKnight

ALLIED YOUTH WORK IN FRENCHBURG SCHOOL

In 1944, Mr. Roy Breg from the National Headquarters of Allied Youth in Washington, D. C., came to our school to present the work of this organization in the high schools of our country. The purpose of the Allied Youth is two-fold: first, to present the facts of the alcohol problem to young people from the light of science and experience in such a way that they will understand it; second, to give them a good time in a social way showing that it is not necessary to have a drink of beer or a cocktail to liven up the party.

The organization in Frenchburg School has grown from a small beginning to a membership varying from fifty to eighty in the last few years. Young people have been trained in leadership in the organization, they have planned programs, taken the work to other schools in the surrounding area and provided themselves with many good times.

One of the best things about the work is that the young people in our high school have found that it is more fun to be sober and enjoy themselves at a party without a hangover afterwards. The fact that there is a large group joined together in this common purpose, strengthens the whole and draws more into the group.

Together they are strong but standing alone on the subject of abstinence is a difficult thing for a young person today. We hope to build up more of this sentiment so that the members will feel the constraint of the Allied Youth membership upon them when they leave school and find even stronger temptation.

Activities sponsored by the Allied Youth Post have been a talent show, a musical program, a basketball foul shooting contest, recreation and refreshments after basketball games in the gymnasium, banquets for the basketball team, an annual all-school party at which an Allied Youth King and Queen have been chosen and crowned, and picnics and other entertainments.

In the educational programs, we have included the appearance of a State Highway patrolman who has talked to the entire school on the problem of the drinking driver as the patrolman sees it. We have had a representative from Alcoholics Anonymous, the local doctor to tell us the facts of the problem as it affects the human body, the County Health Nurse who brought some light on the dope problem, a trained nurse to tell us how the nurse's work is affected by the alcoholic, and a local minister who had the problem of drink in his own life and with the help of the Lord overcame it.

Now, we will let some of the young people speak for themselves. They are all members of the graduating class of 1953 and we hope that they will carry what they have learned with them and that it will be a strength and encouragement to them.

A Senior girl says, "I was in Allied Youth for four years. I learned just what alcohol is and how it affects the body. I learned things that I never thought of before. There were



The Allied Youth of Frenchburg High School. Officers in center front are: Gene Woodward, President; Urban Gathmen, Vice President; Miriam Gathmen, Secretary; Garry Banfield, Treasurer. The sponsors, Mrs. Hughes and Mrs. Linderholm, are at extreme ends.

always parties that proved you can have fun without drinking and I certainly enjoyed the Christian fellowship."

Another girl, "It didn't mean so much to me personally since I never intended to drink anyway but I like what it stands for. I think everyone should join whether he intends to drink or not."

"Being in Allied Youth for four years has helped me to understand what alcohol is and how it will harm one's body. I also learned that you can have a good clean party without having strong drinks. I have enjoyed having fellowship with other young people in A.Y. who are against alcohol."

A fine Christian girl says, "I have

learned about alcohol and how it threatens the youth of America. Allied Youth is fighting this enemy by proving that youth today can have fun and cleaner and more satisfying enjoyment by saying "No" when offered an alcoholic beverage. I feel that any sissy can say "Yes" but only a man with backbone can stand alone in a group at a party or anywhere else and ask for something else to drink. Alcohol has ruined many lives. Do we want it to ruin the lives of our children and other children in the future? Now is the time to act. Let us take alcohol out of the lives of men and women and we will find healthier and happier people."

Mrs. Winifred Moore Linderholm

KOHAT & THE KURRUM VALLEY

(Continued from Page 403)

pastors, Padre Paul from Lyallpur Presbytery, heard God's call to that needy, distant, difficult, bigoted region. He and his well-educated wife agreed to go, and in the spring of 1953 these laborers of God's choice moved into that frontier "white unto harvest."

If you could ever see that Frontier, so hard, so cruel, bound by Satan and fiercely clinging to these bonds, you would never

cease loving the people and praying that the CHURCH wrought out of our Lord's obedience unto the Cross be established there. Let us not sin against God in ceasing to pray for Padre and Mrs. Paul from our synod, for the two British families, for the sweepers, for government and military employees, that every potential witness may become a real one in helping to make the Church ready for our Lord when He comes.

Literature Department

MRS. JAMES T. VORHIS, Secretary,
209 Ninth St., Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

"Faith is available to all."

A *Guide* to better service from the Literature Department. (Please cut this out and keep it for reference.)

1—Be sure you are ordering from the correct source. (Watch *Missionary Horizons* for information.) Remember that all books on the Reading Course and all Interdenominational Missionary Education materials, including maps, are sold by the Bookstore. All material on our United Presbyterian mission fields, including maps of India-Pakistan and Egypt-Sudan-Ethiopia; *Prayer Cycles*, Temperance literature, Thank Offering supplies, and organizational helps are still in the Literature Office. Program Calendars and *Missionary Horizons* are ordered from Mrs. Arnold. You may receive your order a week earlier by being sure.

2—Use a sheet of paper large enough to carry the entire order on one side.

3—Print your name and address plainly on the order. They are perfectly familiar to you but not always to us.

4—List the items you want—it saves us much time.

5—Separate your order from questions and comments.

6—Don't combine orders that should go to two places in one letter—extra bookkeeping means delay.

7—Order supplies well in advance of your need. Remember that during December, January and February it may be three weeks or more before you receive your order.

8—Please do not ask us to rush your order. We try to fill requests according to the date received and it scarcely seems fair for an order received today to take precedence over one received last week.

9—If you need to write us concerning an order that has not been received (allow 7-10 days ordinarily; at least three weeks during December, January and February) please tell us the date of your original letter.

You are very understanding folks and have been very patient with us. People have asked how they might help us and this is our answer. As you save our time you help us get material to you more promptly.

The Bookstore reports that the best sellers on the Reading Course up to this time are—

Where'er the Sun
Miracle in the Hills
The Recovery of Family Life
We Tried to Stay
Conqueror in Chains

Have you ordered your books yet? Better do it soon!

ARE YOU USING Mrs. McKune's Workbook, *Know*, on the theme "Life and Task of the Church Around the World"? For the "Reverie of a Missionary" (page 36) you will need the picture book *Where There Is Life* by Leslie C. Sayre. Cloth \$1.50; paper \$1.00. (Order from the Bookstore)

April Program helps—You may find stories to use in *Where'er the Sun* by Samuel H. Moffett (Cloth \$2.00; paper \$1.25. 128 pages), or *The Church We Cannot See* by Nelle Morton (Cloth \$2.00; paper \$1.25. 128 pages). Both may be purchased at the Bookstore.

Suggestions—

The Ibis (includes the story of Bamba) 3¢ (Literature Department).

Junior Prayer Cycles—now 2 for 5¢ (Literature Department).

The Bible When You Want It—\$1.00. A purse-sized booklet of Bible verses and short passages on many subjects (Bookstore).

Tributes

Mary Isabella Bryan Philips*

Born—March 11, 1852 at Rumley, Ohio, where her father was then pastor of the Associate Presbyterian Congregation.

Member—Associate Presbyterian Church, Bloomington, Indiana, 1852—1858.

United Presbyterian Church, Bloomington, Indiana, 1858—1874.

United Presbyterian Church, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, 1874—1924.

United Presbyterian Church, Bloomington, Indiana, 1924—1953.

Married—Joseph K. Philips—May 2, 1874 (Mr. Philips died 1902).

Died—September 29, 1953 at the house of her brother, W. L. Bryan, Bloomington, Indiana.

Mrs. Philips never sought leadership, but in all the congregations of which she was a member her wisdom, grace and efficiency made her inevitably a leader in:

Sunday School Teaching.

The Missionary Society of the Congregation.

The Women's General Missionary Society of which she was a charter member.

The King's Daughters.

The Mission to the Italians of Pittsburgh and so on in every good work.

Without seeking favor she was loved by people of all ages. She won all hearts in her lifelong service of the Lord Jesus Christ.

We of the Bloomington congregation feel especially privileged to have known Mrs. Philips. We profited greatly from her spiritual leadership. She taught a class of older women in the Church School until her ninety-third year. She was active in the Women's Missionary Society and was instrumental in organizing the Young Women's Society which bears her name. Her faithful attendance at church services, up until within three weeks before her death, was an inspiration to us all. Her consecration lives on and will be passed down to succeeding generations.

The Mary B. Philips Missionary Society

Mrs. Minnie Hanley

The Women's Missionary Society of Second United Presbyterian Church of East Liverpool, Ohio, wishes to pay loving tribute to the memory of Mrs. Minnie Hanley who was called to her heavenly home November 1, 1953.

Her kind and quiet Christian life was a worthy example, and inspiration to all. Her deep interest in her church and missionary society will always be remembered.

We extend to her loved ones, sincerest sympathy, and commend them to the Master who said, "I will not leave you comfortless."

"Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her." Committee

Mrs. Margaret E. Carson

The Women's Missionary Society of the Bergholz-Yellow Creek United Presbyterian Church of Bergholz, Ohio, wishes to pay loving tribute to the memory of Mrs. Margaret E. Carson who was called to her heavenly home June 5, 1953.

Her fine Christian character and faithful witness remain a cherished memory.

Committee

Miss Etta Lyons

Mrs. Maude Shepard

Mrs. Alma Watson

We, the members of the Rix Mills WMS, wish to pay a tribute of love to the memory of Miss Etta Lyons, who passed away November 21, 1953, aged 86 years; to Mrs. Maude Shepard, December 2, 1953, aged 83 years; and to Mrs. Alma Watson, December 17, 1953, aged 93 years.

We shall always cherish the memory of these three devout Christian women for their wise counsel and faithful companionship.

Women's Missionary Society,
Rix Mills, Ohio

Mrs. Laura Dunlap

The Women's Missionary Society and the congregation of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotch Hill near Grove City, Pa., wish to pay tribute to the memory of Mrs. Laura Dunlap who was called to her heavenly home during the past year. We shall cherish her faithfulness to the church and missionary society. Thankful for her life with us, we extend our deepest sympathy to her family and commend them to the loving care of Him whom she loved and served.

Mrs. Anna Atwell

Mrs. Clyde L. Van Verth

(*All tributes to centenarians surely merit double-column treatment!)

AMERICAN MISSIONARIES UNDER THE WOMEN'S GENERAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY

INDIAN MISSIONS

Miss Agnes Ruth Bond..... Wheelock Academy, Millerton, Okla.
Rev. H. W. Gordon..... R.D. 1, Stilwell, Okla.
Rev. E. W. Machamer..... Warm Springs, Oregon
Rev. Louis Mitchell..... Tama, Iowa
Mr. E. A. Penney..... Simnasho, Oregon
Rev. F. C. Patterson, Oljato Christian Mission..... Kayenta, Arizona
Freight and Express address: Flagstaff, Arizona

MOUNTAIN MISSIONS FRENCHBURG, KY. SCHOOL

Supt. and Mrs. Arthur Gathman..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Marian Scott, Prin. H.S..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mr. Lester McCauley, Prin. Grades..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mr. David Anderson..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Carolyn Arndt..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mr. and Mrs. Clay Banks..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Alice Childs..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Florence Eiler, Dorm. Matron..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Mary Virginia Hager..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Irene Hays..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Alice Hasselink..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Alice Hughes..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Janet Jones..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mr. S. O. Linderholm..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. S. O. Linderholm, Secretary..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Alberta McBride..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Helen McCoy..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Reba Moody..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Rebecca Morris..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Barbara Novosal..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Clinnie Patterson, Clothing..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Bertha Pecht..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Robert Randall..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Leah Stephens..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Myrtle H. Smith, Dietitian..... Frenchburg, Ky.

FRENCHBURG, KY. CHURCH

Rev. James E. Eddy, Minister..... Frenchburg, Ky.

JANE COOK HOSPITAL

Miss Glendine Lundquist, R.N., Supervisor..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Mary Olive Cochran, R.N..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Jean Mannix, R.N..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Prudie Dalton, Aide..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Bernice Olson, Technician..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Jane Everson, Dietitian..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Joan Johnston, Office..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Dr. and Mrs. Donald Graves..... Frenchburg, Ky.

EZEL, KENTUCKY SCHOOL

Supt. and Mrs. Wm. A. Heagen..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Larue Millen, Principal..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Wanda Aigner..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Ruth A. Bemis..... Ezel, Ky.
Mr. Albert H. H. Dorsey, Agriculture..... Ezel, Ky.
Mrs. Homer C. Haines..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Zillah Hawthorne, Secretary..... Ezel, Ky.
Mr. and Mrs. Glen Helton..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Beulah Hogan..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Betty Kazbek..... Ezel, Ky.
Mrs. Fred S. (Ann Adair) McGeoch..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Gladys Millen..... Ezel, Ky.
Mr. and Mrs. Ottis Murphy..... Ezel, Ky.
Mrs. Ora Mynhier..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Gene Purdy..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Lois Raube..... Ezel, Ky.
Mr. Stanley Trimble, Coach..... Ezel, Ky.
Mrs. Eliza Hulick, Clothes Room..... Ezel, Ky.

Boxes sent to Frenchburg by parcel post or motor freight should be addressed to Mr. Arthur Gathman, Frenchburg School, Frenchburg, Ky., and those sent by railroad or express should be addressed to Mr. Arthur Gathman, Frenchburg School, Mt. Sterling, Ky. For Ezel, to Mr. William A. Heagen, Ezel School, Ezel, Ky., if by parcel post or motor freight, but to Mr. William A. Heagen, Ezel School, Mt. Sterling, Ky., if sent by railroad freight or express.

EZEL CHURCH

Rev. Homer Haines..... Ezel, Ky.

CITY AND PRESBYTERIAL

Miss Jean Dickey..... Room 410, 270 Fairmont Ave., Jersey City, N. J.
Miss Esther M. Jones..... 641 S. Oak Park Ave., Oak Park, Ill.
Miss Dorothy Partington..... Westland, Pa.
Mrs. R. G. Russell..... 36 Church St., Burgettstown, Pa.

RETIRED FROM ACTIVE SERVICE

Miss Margaret Beveridge..... U. P. Home, Washington, Ia.
Miss Sallie E. Dickey..... c/o D. H. Dickey, 127 Church St., Punxsutawney, Pa.

NEGRO MISSIONS

ARLINGTON INSTITUTE

Mr. K. P. Thomas, Superintendent..... Annemanie, Ala.
Miss Georga Lee Jackson..... Annemanie, Ala.
Mrs. Willie Knight..... Annemanie, Ala.
Mrs. K. P. Thomas..... Annemanie, Ala.

CAMDEN ACADEMY

Supt. and Mrs. A. C. Peoples..... Camden, Ala.
Mr. Harry W. McKeldin, Ass't Prin..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Minnie T. Alford..... Camden, Ala.
Mr. William B. Ballard..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Hazel Ballard..... Camden, Ala.
Miss Francis Boyd..... Camden, Ala.
Mr. Rudolph Cooper..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Nora S. Daniels..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Amanda E. Freeman..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Isetta S. McCaskill..... Camden, Ala.
Mr. Thomas Van McDowell..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Elizabeth M. Parrish..... Camden, Ala.
Miss Geraldine Pettway..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Neola P. Reese..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Mayme Smith..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Mattie L. Street..... Camden, Ala.
Miss Mabel Thomas..... Camden, Ala.
Mr. James Tyree..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Mildred Tyree..... Camden, Ala.
Miss Lizzie Washington..... Camden, Ala.
Miss Alice B. Whitaker..... Camden, Ala.
Miss Cora Whorter..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. B. D. Bridges, Dietitian..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Sarah W. Rivers, Matron..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Minnie Peoples, Laundress..... Camden, Ala.
Mr. Martin Dees, Maintenance..... Camden, Ala.
Rev. James Reese, Pastor..... Camden, Ala.
at Camden and Miller's Ferry..... Camden, Ala.

THYNE INSTITUTE

Mrs. Grayce S. Hudley, Bible..... Chase City, Va.

JUBILEE HOSPITAL

Mrs. Eva J. Adams, R.N., Supt..... Henderson, N. C.
Miss Gertrude Allen, R.N..... Henderson, N. C.
(Four other graduate nurses)
(Twelve other aides and workers)

HENDERSON INSTITUTE

Miss Eva Thomas, Bible..... Henderson, N. C.

KNOXVILLE COLLEGE

Mrs. Geneva Arnold..... Knoxville, Tenn.
Mrs. Lillian Jenkins..... Knoxville, Tenn.
Mr. Paul Redden..... Knoxville, Tenn.
Mrs. Mozelle Robinson..... Knoxville, Tenn.
Miss Mabel Weir..... Knoxville, Tenn.
Mrs. Mildred Wellman..... Knoxville, Tenn.
Mrs. Elberta Woods..... Knoxville, Tenn.
Mrs. P. H. Parker, Church Missionary..... Knoxville, Tenn.

MILLER'S FERRY MISSION

Supt. and Mrs. B. T. Ridgeway..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mrs. Edith Ervin..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mr. Ferdinand Ervin..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Miss Olivia Hamilton..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mr. Curtis Lewis..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Miss Darthular Mangram..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mr. C. T. Patterson..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mrs. Roma Patterson..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mr. Frederick Reese..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Miss Gloria Ridgeway..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mrs. Alice R. Scott..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mr. Thomas Threadgill, Bible..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Miss Dorothy Veasley..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mrs. N. D. Williams..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mrs. Annie M. McDowell, Girls' Matron..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mr. Herman Bridges, General Worker..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.

PRAIRIE, ALA.

Mr. William T. Peters, Supt..... Prairie, Ala.
Mrs. Helena Shelby..... Prairie, Ala.
Mrs. Leola Jackson..... Prairie, Ala.
Miss Vashti Jones..... Prairie, Ala.
Mrs. D. C. McCall..... Prairie, Ala.
Mrs. William T. Peters..... Prairie, Ala.
Rev. C. C. Brown, Pastor at Prairie and Annemanie..... 625 Jeff Davis Ave., Selma, Ala.

RETIRED FROM ACTIVE SERVICE

Mrs. Patsy Kennedy..... 717 1/2 Norwood Ave., Toledo, Ohio
Miss Josephine Warren..... % Rev. Irvin Elligan, 819 College Ave., N.W., Knoxville, Tenn.
Rev. and Mrs. D. F. White..... 825 First Avenue, Selma, Alabama

FOREIGN MISSIONARIES UNDER THE W. G. M. S.

c/o American Mission should be added to each foreign address

EGYPT

Mrs. Sara E. Baker, 1950. Tanta
Miss Helen R. Brownlee, R. N., 1931. Assiut
Miss Mary Frances Dawson, 1922; 1945. Cairo
Mrs. Ada A. Dunlap, 1926. Assiut
Miss Marjorie J. Dye, 1951. Cairo
Miss Lois M. Finney, 1953. Cairo
Miss Davida M. Finney, 1915. Cairo
Miss Elsie M. French, 1909. Cairo
Miss Martha C. Glass, 1921. Luxor
Miss Eulalia D. Grether, 1929. Tanta
Miss Alice M. Grimes, 1924. Cairo
Miss Lois D. Kingan, 1926. Benha
Miss Helen J. Martin, 1915. Cairo
Miss Jeannette L. McCrory, 1916. Minia
Miss Evelyn McFarland, 1919; 1949. Cairo
Miss Helen J. Noordewier, 1921. Beni Suef
Miss Venna R. Patterson, 1924. Tanta
Miss Frances M. Patton, 1922. Mansura
Mrs. Rachel T. Selver, 1925. Fayoum
Miss Inez M. Sutton, 1949. Luxor
Miss Marie F. Tait, 1925; 1948. Assiut
Miss Mary L. Thompson, 1917. Assiut
Miss Helen M. Walker, 1930. Assiut
Miss Ethel L. Weed, 1919. Alexandria
Miss Elizabeth M. Wilson, 1932.
9 Sharia Massoud, Abbassia, Cairo
Miss Esther W. Wilson, 1919. Luxor
Miss Margaret A. Work, 1924.
3 Sharia el Mehalla, Heliopolis, Egypt
Miss Laura B. Wright, 1921. Minia
On Furlough
Miss Beatrice H. McClellan, 1948.
235 East 49th St., New York 17, N. Y.
Miss Sarah B. Meloy, 1923.
220 S. Hutchison, Muncie, Indiana
Miss Martha A. Roy, 1938.
Apt. 9D, 540 East 20th, New York 10, N. Y.
Miss Alberta A. Tedford, R.N., 1947.
R.D. 1, Albion, Iowa
Miss Mary C. Thompson, 1939.
Box 744, Sanford, Fla.

PUNJAB, PAKISTAN

Miss M. Marie Allison, 1952. Sialkot City
Miss Ruth I. Ardrey, 1924. Lahore
Miss R. Jean Black, 1921. Pasrur
Miss Frances E. Brown, 1927; 1937. Lyallpur
Miss Audrey C. Campbell, 1953. Sialkot City
Miss Florence M. Carithers, R.N., 1953. Sialkot City
Miss Marie E. Cash, R.N., 1926. Pasrur
Miss M. Evelyn Cathcart, 1925. Sialkot City
Miss Margaret J. Fehlman, 1913. Rawalpindi
Miss Evva P. Hartig, R.N.A., 1924. Jhelum
Miss Alice G. Hill, 1938. Sargodha
Miss Mary H. Lents, R.N., 1950. Taxila
Miss Barbara A. Lewis, 1953. Sialkot City
Miss M. Frances Lincoln, R.N., 1920. Sargodha
Miss Laura R. MacLachlan, 1938. Sheikhupura
Miss Evelyn M. McKelvey, R.N., 1937. Sialkot City
Miss Margaret L. Murdoch, 1924. Sangla Hill
Miss Dorothy B. Roberts, 1952. Sheikhupura
Miss Louise E. Scott, 1916. Gujranwala
Miss Laura Reynolds, 1924. Sargodha
Miss Helen V. Weede, 1928. Campbellpur
Miss Josephine L. White, 1951. Sialkot City
On Furlough
Miss Margaret E. Ballantyne, 1941.
235 East 49th St., New York 17, N. Y.
Miss N. Addaline Brandon, 1931.
235 E. 49th St., New York 17, N. Y.
Miss Theresa I. Brownlee, 1922. Sylvia, Kansas
Miss Edith M. Drake, 1947.
238 S. Market St., New Wilmington, Pa.
Miss Eva M. Hewitt, 1930.
235 East 49th St., New York 17, N. Y.
Miss Reba C. Hunsberger, M.D., 1921.
5914 Pulaski Ave., Philadelphia 44, Pa.
Miss Glendine Lundquist, R.N., 1933. Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Marian T. Peterson, 1930.
235 E. 49th St., New York 17, N. Y.
Miss Elizabeth H. Turner, R.N., 1947.
R. D. 1, Oil City, Pa.

PUNJAB, INDIA

Miss Vida J. Graham, 1922. Pathankot
Miss Dorothy M. Neff, 1952. Pathankot
Miss Vivian L. Trimble, 1921. Pathankot
On Furlough
Miss S. Jane Lamont, 1923.
440 Cayuga St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Miss Willis M. Ramsey, 1921.
% Rev. F. G. Wright, R. D. 2, Irwin, Pa.

THE SUDAN

Miss Mary Anna Bode, 1952. Omdurman
Miss Mary E. Cole, 1919. Wad Medani
Miss Una Cole, 1918. Gedaref
Miss Mary V. Ewing, R.N., 1940. Doleib Hill
Miss Marian I. Farquhar, 1945. Nasir
Miss Ray Huffman, R.N., 1924. Nasir
Miss Rosaltha Kenagy, 1950. Atbara
Miss Aleta J. Matthews, 1946. Khartoum North
Miss Jean Maxwell, M.N., 1946. Nasir
Miss Marguerite M. McClellan, 1928.

Box 34, Khartoum North
Miss Mary Jane McKnight, 1922. Atbara
Miss E. Verna Pillow, 1930. Omdurman
Miss Dorothy L. Rankin, 1946. Doleib Hill
Miss Mary K. Smith, M.D., 1944. Nasir
Miss M. Evelyn Stewart, 1952. Omdurman
Miss Helena G. Tetley, 1951. Doleib Hill
Miss Frances Turk, R.N., 1921.
P. O. Box 155, El Obeid
Miss Ruth E. Wilson, 1951. Box 100, Gedaref
On Furlough
Miss Eleanor C. Vandevort, 1949.
Box 81, R.D. 1, Wexford, Pa.
Miss Joan E. Yilek, 1948.
235 East 49th St., New York 17, N. Y.

ETHIOPIA

Miss Ruth C. Beatty, R.N., 1920. Gorei
Miss Isabel Blair, 1922. Sayo
Miss Eileen Halewood, R.N., 1947. Maji
Miss Mary Nell Harper, R.N., 1948. Sayo
Miss Norma H. Knieriemer, R.N., 1953. Addis Ababa
Miss Marguerite M. Lienard, 1948. Sayo
Miss Martha A. Maxwell, R.N., 1951. Sayo
Miss Ruth E. McCreary, 1950. Addis Ababa
Miss Hazel J. McGearry, 1946. Maji
Mrs. A. W. Pollock, R.N., 1942. Addis Ababa
Mrs. Ruth L. Walker, 1923. Ghimeera
Send all Ethiopia mail to Box 1111, Addis Ababa.

On Furlough
Miss Marjorie Faught, R.N. 1933.
578 Sheffield Drive, Springfield, Delaware Co., Pa.
Miss Ruth M. Nichol, 1933.
331 Park Ave., Nutley 10, N. J.
Under Appointment

Miss Beverly J. Day, 1953.
68 Ash Ave., Cranston 10, R. I.
Miss Faith E. Hamilton, 1954.
1103 6th St., S., Nampa, Idaho
Miss Louisa G. Hines, R.N., 1953.
196 Pleasant St., Brockton, Mass.
Miss Mary L. Markley, 1954. R. D. 1, Cadiz, Ohio
Miss Norma Lee Squires, 1954.
6200 Latona, Seattle 5, Wash.

RETIRED FROM ACTIVE SERVICE

EGYPT

Miss Ella M. Barnes, 1911.
United Presbyterian Home, Washington, Iowa
Miss Leota Cabeen, 1909.
1214 5th Ave., St. Joseph, Mo.
Mrs. Mary K. Coventry, 1903; 1915.
225 E. Broadway, Newton, Kansas
Miss Minnehaha Finney, 1894.
121 North 7th St., Sterling, Kansas
Miss Rena L. Hogg, 1899. Assiut, Egypt
Miss Lucy Lightowler, 1921.
5528 Wayne Ave., Philadelphia 44, Pa.
Miss Dora B. Mason, 1918.
% U.P. Home for Children, R.D. 1, Mars, Pa.
Miss Carol E. McMillan, 1906.
1203 E. Washington St., Washington, Ia.
Miss Marion A. Paden, 1902.
% Mrs. Campbell, 1444 Indiana Ave.,
Connersville, Ind.
Miss M. Stella Robertson, 1922.
Five Shoregate, Crail, Fife, Scotland
Mrs. Jane Smith Simpson, 1922.
228 E. Main St., Ligonier, Pa.
Miss Nellie C. Smith, 1911.
102 W. Poplar St., Grove City, Pa.
Miss Laura B. Walker, 1904.
306 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh 21, Pa.
Miss Ida Whiteside, 1913; 1935.
25 Prospect St., Greenwich, N. Y.
Miss Ruth M. Williamson 1934; 1944.
505 S. Main St., Greensburg, Pa.

PAKISTAN-INDIA

Miss Emma Dean Anderson, 1881.
306 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh 21, Pa.
Miss Hazel Bennett, 1908.
754—22nd St., San Diego 2, Calif.
Miss M. Lois Boyd, 1913. % Mrs. John Smiley,
811 N. St. Louis St., Sparta, Ill.
Miss Mary J. Campbell, 1884.
Box 992, Santa Ana, California
Miss Betsy Fleming, 1913.
6549 Emerald Ave., Chicago 21, Ill.
Miss Ella M. Gordon, 1923. Pattersonville, N. Y.
Miss Kate A. Hill, 1896. Eldora, Iowa
Miss Flora Jameson, 1903.
306 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh 21, Pa.
Miss Mary Kyle, 1904.
425 N. Galloway St., Xenia, Ohio
Miss Mary E. Logan, 1891.
325 W. 7th St., Rushville, Indiana
Miss Lillian A. McConnell, 1902.
306 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh 21, Pa.
Miss Georga Wengert, 1910. Lebo, Kansas

ANGLO-EGYPTIAN SUDAN

Miss Elsie E. Grove, 1912.
Caroline Ave., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Miss Aurora R. McIntyre, 1911; 1919.
1203 E. Washington St., Washington, Ia.

(Note: All short-termers are listed in the Foreign Department.)

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c/o American Mission should be added to each foreign address

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 Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Turnbull.....Assiut
 Rev. and Mrs. O. B. Watkins.....Assiut

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 Dr. and Mrs. John A. Thompson.....1137 E. 60th St., Chicago 37, Illinois

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 Dr. and Mrs. J. Morgan McKelvey.....Gurdaspur

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 Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Brown.....Gujranwala
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 *Mrs. Horace J. McGill.....Taxila
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 Rev. and Mrs. Paul Pulliam.....Sialkot
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 Rev. and Mrs. G. LeRoy Selby.....Lyallpur
 Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Stewart.....Rawalpindi
 Dr. and Mrs. Harris J. Stewart.....Gujranwala
 Dr. R. B. Stewart.....Rawalpindi
 Rev. and Mrs. Wm. Sutherland.....Taxila
 Dr. and Mrs. Robert F. Tebbe.....Rawalpindi
 Dr. and Mrs. John Vroon.....Sialkot

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 Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Whitfield.....1010 W. 1st St., Topeka, Kansas

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 *Mr. and Mrs. Paul E. Arnold.....Akobo, via Malakal
 *Rev. and Mrs. C. Lee Crandall.....Akobo, via Malakal
 *Mr. and Mrs. Lambert B. Ekster.....Akobo, via Malakal
 Dr. and Mrs. Leander Finley.....Omdurman
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 *Rev. and Mrs. Harvey T. Hoekstra.....Gambella
 Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Jordan.....Ler via Malakal
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 Rev. and Mrs. Robert H. Meloy.....Omdurman
 Mr. and Mrs. Edward O. Pollock.....Malakal
 Rev. and Mrs. K. E. Rasmussen.....Abwong, via Malakal
 Dr. and Mrs. A. G. Roode.....Pibor, via Malakal
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 Dr. and Mrs. R. F. Shields.....Khartoum
 *Rev. and Mrs. LaVerne Sikkema.....Doleib Hill, via Malakal
 *Rev. and Mrs. J. Robert Swart.....Pibor, via Malakal
 Rev. and Mrs. Harold T. Walker.....Gedaref
 Mr. and Mrs. E. Alan Webb.....Obel, via Malakal
 Rev. and Mrs. Alexander C. Wilson.....Malakal
 Rev. and Mrs. W. S. Wilson.....Doleib Hill, via Malakal

*Associate.

*Reformed Church in America.

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 Dr. and Mrs. W. D. McClure.....239 N. Walnut St., Blairsville, Pa.
 Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Phillips.....85 Sherman St., Hartford 5, Conn.
 Mr. and Mrs. Milton H. Thompson.....85 Sherman St., Hartford 5, Conn.

ETHIOPIA

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 Rev. and Mrs. C. M. Haspels.....(Ghimeera) address: Addis Ababa
 Mr. and Mrs. Fred Russell.....Addis Ababa
 Rev. and Mrs. Murray Russell.....(Gorei) address: Addis Ababa

On Furlough

Dr. and Mrs. F. W. den Dulk.....600 Schaff Bldg., Philadelphia 2, Pa.
 Mr. and Mrs. Phil R. West.....3045—29th St., San Diego, Calif.

RETIRED FROM ACTIVE SERVICE

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Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Acheson.....1230 Ridge Ave., Coraopolis, Pa.
 Dr. and Mrs. Dalton Galloway.....New Wilmington, Pa.
 Dr. and Mrs. W. P. Gilmer.....2825 E. Overholser St., Fresno, Calif.
 Rev. and Mrs. F. D. Henderson.....542 N. Bever St., Wooster, Ohio
 Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Jamison.....New Wilmington, Pa.
 Dr. and Mrs. F. C. McLanahan.....New Wilmington, Pa.
 Dr. and Mrs. N. D. McLanahan.....R. R. 3, Monmouth, Ill.
 Mr. and Mrs. M. C. McFeeters.....Waugh Ave., New Wilmington, Pa.
 Dr. and Mrs. W. T. Moore.....311 E. Jefferson Ave., Wheaton, Ill.
 Dr. and Mrs. H. E. Phillips.....15527 Via de Las Olas, Pacific Palisades, Calif.
 Dr. and Mrs. Mark S. Roy.....New Concord, Ohio
 Dr. and Mrs. F. Scott Thompson.....5528 Wayne Ave., Philadelphia 44, Pa.

PAKISTAN-INDIA

Dr. and Mrs. J. G. Campbell.....306 Stewart Ave., Grove City, Pa.
 Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Chambers.....340 S. Ridgewood Ave., Daytona Beach, Fla.
 Dr. D. R. Gordon.....2330 Carroll Park, S., Long Beach, Calif.
 Rev. and Mrs. J. A. McArthur.....814 E. Spring St., Boonville, Mo.
 Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Merriam.....208 North "T" St., Monmouth, Ill.
 Dr. and Mrs. S. C. Picken.....E. Jefferson Ave., Winterset, Iowa

THE SUDAN

Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Adair.....Eskridge, Kansas
 Dr. and Mrs. Paul J. Smith.....North Bend, Nebraska

IN SHORT-TERM SERVICE

EGYPT

Miss Nonine E. Borgman.....Cairo
 Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper.....Assiut
 Miss Mary P. Craig.....Cairo
 Miss Charlisa M. Crosier.....Cairo
 Miss Wilma G. Duff.....Assiut
 Mr. G. Kenneth Gordon.....Assiut
 Miss Sarah L. Hill.....Cairo
 Dr. Earl M. Kroth.....Assiut
 Mrs. Elizabeth Markley.....Cairo
 Miss Mary Lu Perkins.....Cairo
 Mrs. Fay Reed.....Assiut
 Mr. Milton J. Sage.....Assiut
 Miss Annie Belle Sellers.....Assiut
 Miss Lucy L. Soule.....Cairo
 Miss Beatrice Taylor.....Cairo
 Miss Harriet E. Wagner.....Cairo

ETHIOPIA

Mr. and Mrs. Arno Geikler.....(Ghimeera), address: Addis Ababa

PAKISTAN-INDIA

Mr. and Mrs. Chas Atwater.....Landaaur, U. P.
 Dr. and Mrs. O. A. Brown.....Taxila
 Mrs. Winifred Hardeman.....Landaaur, U. P. India
 Mr. Thomas J. McLaren.....Rawalpindi
 Miss Dorothea McKissick.....Landaaur, U. P., India

THE SUDAN

Mr. J. Lester Haspels.....Omdurman
 Mr. John J. Koehler.....Abwong
 Mr. Glenn E. Noble.....Omdurman
 Mr. Richard C. Smith.....Omdurman
 Dr. and Mrs. James West.....Ler

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Nampa, Idaho — June 9-13, 1954

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Mrs. Raymond Larsen, Transfer.....415 19th Ave., South, Nampa, Idaho
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Mrs. Dwight Russell, Reception.....%United Presbyterian Church, Weiser, Idaho

YOUTH RESPONDS IN ETHIOPIA

(Continued from Page 398)

one of the leader's assistants told how he learned about Jesus when he was a small boy in Sayo and how he was trying to follow in the Way of Life. Sometimes it was difficult, sometimes easy, but the Love of his Saviour made it worthwhile. He quoted John 3:16 in Amharic, then asked permission to add also, the language in which he had first heard and learned it, Galla. The leader gave the permission and as the great audience listened the leader thought of something he would like to do: he would like to hear that verse in every language which was represented in the audience. So he called for volunteers and from here and there in the audience came the verses, from Tigre, Harrar Galla, Wallega Galla, Kam-bata, Magi,

"From Asmara high to south Negelli
Eastern Harrar to western Magi."

The languages of the teachers were added—Hindustani and other Indian languages, Greek, English, Swedish, Arabic. How thrilling to know that here in this building were people who had learned of the Son of God, Jesus, the Christ, as children around the world. And the final verse was given by the whole great audience in

the language of the country in which they were meeting, Amharic.

More songs, more testimonies from teachers and boys. The afternoon rolled by as the clouds were rolling over the city and we smiled and rejoiced but also were near weeping as we looked over that great group of young people who were met to show and be shown the way to their Saviour. They were learning now, but in the days ahead they would be the leaders of their country. Would their country be able to retain Christianity in view of the sweeping hordes of Islam, peacefully invading the country? Would they be able to lead their countrymen into a deeper realization that the words of the prophet of old, "Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands unto God" were becoming true and could be extended until all of Ethiopia might know the Lord? Would the future be bright with hope, love between tribes, peace and the good will among all in Ethiopia? These questions can only be answered by faith that when *youth responds* our God will not turn them away spiritually hungry but will feed them, lead them and love them into His Everlasting Kingdom.

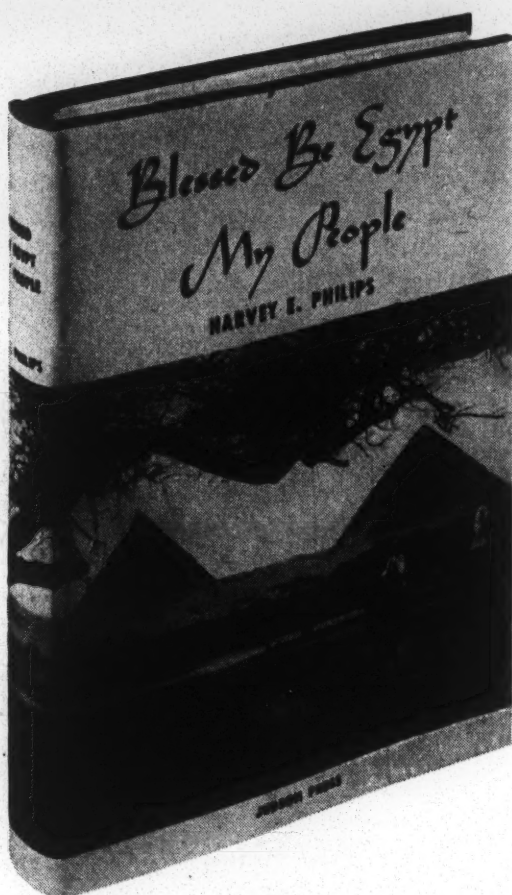
INDIAN MISSIONS

(Continued from Page 435)

to him, he was still going to preach Christ. That is how champions are made—when with singleness of purpose they give all that they have to its success. When the purpose is worthy, it makes worthy persons. When

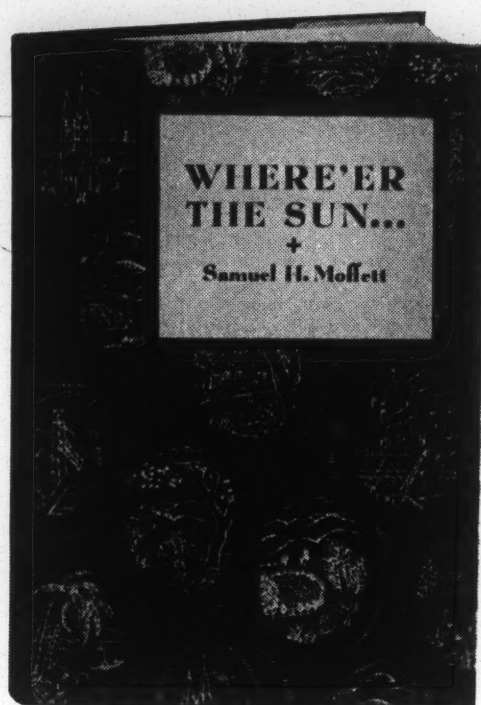
the purpose is Christ, it makes us worthy Servants of Christ.

The hymn "Take My Life and Let It Be" is one of my favorite hymns. It expresses what I want to be for my Christ.
Ernest A. Penny



Dr. Harvey E. Philips knew them—the six Christian converts from Islam about whom he has written in his new book of true stories. He depicts them in their own Egyptian setting, weaving in intimate glimpses of the ancient land of Egypt where he served for many years as a missionary. U. P. Bd. of Foreign Missions. 153 pages. \$2.00.

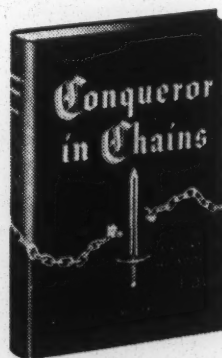
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The hero of "Conqueror in Chains" is Saul of Tarsus, the first "foreign" missionary. Author: Donald G. Miller. Westminster Press. 272 pages. \$2.50.

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